

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



J. Allan Cash

The main front of the British Museum. The Museum this week celebrates the bicentenary of its foundation (see page 976)

In this number:

Margot Oxford: A Personal Impression (Lady Violet Bonham Carter)

Scotland's Promising Dramatists (Ivor Brown)

A Portrait of Western Man (Lionel Trilling)

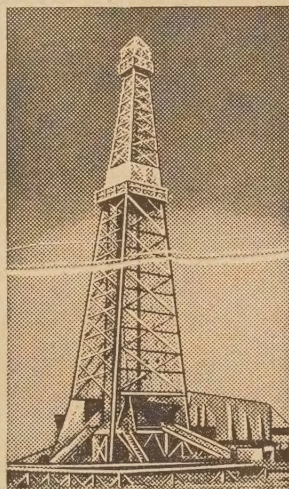


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The Listener

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The Trumpets Have Sounded

By CHRISTOPHER SALMON

SOMETHING extraordinary, there seems to be no doubt, something which may perhaps even have been unique, happened in England last week. Everyone I have spoken to seems to have felt this, as if in the crowning and the service and the ceremonies we had been brought as a people to self-recognition, as if for an illuminated instant we had understood our past and where we stand now and what must presently be done, so that, perhaps, at that time a nation and a commonwealth were dedicated as well as a Queen crowned.

Was this what happened, and how was it brought about? I do not know. It seems to me certain that no amount of description would make this plain, but that images might, if one could find them. And it seems to me that it is for images that a great many people have been searching ever since, weeks ago now, we began to look forward to the Coronation. I myself have heard people asking for analogies in the street. I have heard the positive questions: What will she be wearing? Will her coach be made of gold? But more often it has been the more abstract and fertile question: Mother, mother, what will it be like? What is it all going to be like? Now when we ask for likeness it is a certain sign that we are breaking from habit, turning away from our ordinary occupations

which though they look like activity may really be inaction. It may take something as big as a coronation to start us on our comparisons, but once we do start we ought to be able to profit by our experience. We ought to be able to sum up and make a fresh start. We talk accurately when we say of events like the Coronation that they stir our imaginations. When our imaginations are stirred then, we depend on them like the artist for what we see and hear, and so we become, at last, masters of our experience. We no longer merely passively receive impressions, we discover symbols. So it has been this week. We have found the creative mood and lived in it. And from this we may expect in due time issue of national consequence.

Friends who remember earlier coronations tell me that this one was more largely prepared for and more elaborately planned. It is clear that far-reaching arrangements were made and that these worked smoothly on the day. At other coronations there have been, it seems, small delays, and failures, and improvisations. On Tuesday, June 2, I am told, everything was foreseen and nothing failed. Neither inside the Abbey nor on the route was there any slip or hesitation or fault of timing. How admirable this was, and how zealous and painstaking the organisation which made it possible,

but still it will not be chiefly for technical perfection that this coronation will be remembered.

There was something technical at this coronation which was new, new and immensely important: the television circuits which carried from the Abbey out to the whole country a closer and more exact view of the coronation than most of the guests in the Abbey can have seen for themselves. But even this was no more in itself than a distribution, a means. It was governed by excellent taste and carried through with great technical efficiency. But the supremely important factor remains, the use which the viewers themselves made of their sets. To distribute a view to a people is not by itself to involve them. The people involved themselves. Through their television sets they found means, on that day, themselves to participate in the service, and commonly, very commonly I am told, those who were watching were moved to tears.

Great Expectations

There must always be a serious risk that anything much expected and built up in advance will disappoint expectation when it comes, and I suppose we ran this risk substantially with the Coronation. Our newspapers had discussed it for so long. Our agencies, at home and abroad, had extolled it. We intended the event to draw the eyes of the world. This meant that inevitably we were going to hold up for examination an institution which nowhere nowadays passes without challenge. And certainly, I think, we were putting ourselves where we might have failed in the most public way, and on the most resounding scale to show a consonancy between democracy and a crown. Our faith has been that the two run together and confirm each other, but this was what we were called on now to prove to the world. And how could we prove it? Clearly the judgment which the foreigner would reach last Tuesday was not going to depend on the bearing of the Queen, nor on the bearing of the archbishops, nor of the peers, nor of the princes, nor of the ministers, nor of the soldiers, nor of the police. The foreigner would judge as we judged, and we were the citizens on the pavements that day, in the park, in the stands, and in our homes at our television sets. We were about to discover in the Coronation what the monarchy signified for us, and for better or for worse this was something which we could not anticipate. We could only discover it upon the day. 'Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Elizabeth, your undoubted Queen. All you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?' The question carried beyond the theatre in the Abbey to the four sides of our country, perhaps to the four sides of our Commonwealth. And it seems to me, looking back, that there was no way by which a skilful press, or system of broadcasting, or cinema, could have misrepresented us or undertaken to hide our answer from the world.

Most people, up and down the country, as preparations advanced, must have felt, during the month of May, the crisis gathering. Little by little in London the canvas and the bunting were nailed to the walls. In the streets leading to the route they set up the heavy doors. Along the route, tier upon tier, they built the stands. One saw the tents and encampments in the parks. One woke to hear in the silent Sunday streets the drumming and the marching feet. Shut in, now soon, and decked and guarded the trial would be held, the irreversible judgment made.

'We Were All One'

Sometimes in another mood the empty stands and the seats on sale misled one. One thought of a show. Of what was the show to be an appearance when the curtain went up? And what was the performance we were to see? That these questions were off the line, I recognised, in the stands from the first moment that Tuesday morning. We were no audience. They were no performers. We were all one. Some of us sat already in the Abbey. Some of us would march in the streets. When others of us clapped and cheered we should be deacons at the service ringing the bells, swinging the censers, singing the chants. When we looked down on the coaches

and the carriages and the twelve abreast it would be ourselves that we saw. The princes would be our glory, the ministers our government, the guards our care, the soldiers our defence. Those drums and trumpets, though never so sounding, were not a profession. Those uniforms, though never so polished, we were to rub shoulders with, going home that evening on the bus. The sergeant-major and the captain we should drink a pint with in the pub. Under the busbies, within the tunics, marched or rode our brothers and our friends. The cadets from Dartmouth and Sandhurst and Cranwell were our fiancées and sons, who, in an hour or two, would be vaulting the railings on the Waterloo steps and running down with us into the Mall.

But then, I had almost forgotten, there were the anticipated crowds, the crowds one dreaded, the crowds one falsely thought the barriers were meant to hold off, crowds indistinguishable, needing no weapons, able always to hold up or tear down whatever fronts them, prisons or palaces, with their naked hands. One was afraid of them. Absurd! Every misgiving about these coronation crowds seems, looking back, to have been perfectly absurd. How did one forget one was going to be one of the crowd oneself, from choice and not from compulsion. It is these very crowds now which I should choose, I think, more than anything else which one saw or heard, to represent the national experience. The Italians could always beat us at a show, the French at a setting. With a crowd we shall always have it our own way, a happy universal way, urbane, complete. Our coronation crowds came together days before the event to approve of the preparations. They have remained days after to pay their respects to the Queen. They come to possess, most gently and at their own time, in the evening, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, the Haymarket, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, and The Mall. And wherever they spread they make the movement of wheels seem silly because of the proper movement of hearts.

'Where does one go', American visitors have been asking, in their most intuitive idiom, 'to see your girl?' And the answer will still be, tonight as before, you must go on foot where the crowds go, towards Buckingham Palace. There presently the balcony will be lit and our girl will appear. What an inimitable title, surely, for a Queen to have won. And with how much fondness and love we have been talking of her in the streets. Yes, she looked tired in the Abbey, I heard one man say, and that is natural. But on Saturday she will see her horse race. She'll enjoy that. She rides herself. She has always ridden. Yes, said his neighbour, but she's one of ourselves. She joined up in the war. And I heard someone say yesterday, he had seen her in uniform by the side of the road, doing something about it, he said, in those days when the bombs were falling, her head coming up from the bonnet of a mobile canteen.

The Citizen and the Crown

So it is in these terms that we estimate our Queen among ourselves, simply and directly, each man speaking and no one holding back, as if we either knew or could come to know her personally, all of us, and for ourselves. And indeed, I do believe, the truth is that we might or perhaps that we do. The directness of relation between the citizen and the Crown is something contemporary and characteristic. It belongs to an epoch in which the court is less substantial and less extended on its social base than it formerly was. We live now with a beautiful refinement of monarchy. We throw so much more responsibility for the institution itself on the person of the monarch, at whom we look, without distortion or enlargement, simply and face to face. If present conditions make this inevitable, it is also, it seems, quite what the Queen herself would choose. And what other relation indeed should we choose ourselves, than to see the Queen as she is? On this let the monarchy and our Commonwealth stand while our Queen shall reign. In the world may this be our example to the east and west, while we offer to Her Majesty for the fact of it our praise and thanksgiving.

—Third Programme

The Changing Agriculture of the East

By C. DE FELLNER

WHEN I left Pakistan last October I carried away a picture which will not leave me for a long time. I had walked down into a tiny village—it does not matter exactly where—and I was looking at a couple of humpback oxen being driven round and round, over a pile of wheat, treading out the grain. This was in the open air, of course, and on my left the farm-house wall, golden in the sunset, was patterned with pancakes of cattle dung. They had been kneaded by hand and still bore the grooves of finger marks. Then they had been pressed to the wall while wet to dry off and later be used as fuel for the cooking fires. Just beyond the house, over the humped backs of the circling bullocks, I could see and hear a tractor cultivating a field; and as I stood taking in the contrasts of the scene a cloud of dust drifted between me and the tractor and I heard the pattering of many feet. It was a flock of goats—a large flock—being driven to fresh pastures by two or three shouting boys.

It did not strike me till I was sweating on the boat coming up the Suez Canal that here was a symbol of farming in the Middle East, India, and Pakistan. Four symbols, in fact: the plodding oxen threshing grain symbolising the primitive methods and the ancientness of this eastern agriculture; the passing goats suggesting the separation between pastoralism and agriculture which has existed from Abraham's time and which still exists; the dung pats symbolising the defects of manurial practice and a constantly robbed soil; and the tractor the impact of the technology of the west.

This very impact—this sudden descent of western machines and methods on this primitive system of farming—could bring disaster. It is like having your money in a certain type of savings bank, where you can get £3 on demand and £3 only. But if you make special arrangements you can withdraw far more than £3—and your balance is depleted all the quicker until you have nothing left at all. So the farmer in countries stretching from Turkey to Pakistan, from Syria to India, has in the past drawn steadily but slowly on the soil's fertility; now, with western machines and

technique to hand he is in a position to take everything almost at one go. I do not mean to imply that in the Middle East and the Indian sub-continent there are not areas of tremendous natural wealth, vast fertile plains: there are. But, usually, nature herself has made them so and kept them so—I am thinking of areas like the Nile valley, the country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Ganges



A traditional cow-shed in a Bombay suburb

valley—where fertile alluvium is, or has been, dropped by floods on the fields year by year; but where man has done little or nothing to build up fertility by the application of manures or by cropping.

And what has been the result in the past? A common factor of the agriculture of all these countries—Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Egypt, Iraq, Pakistan, India—is their low productivity, very low yields, and, as a result, the low standards of living of the farming community. Whereas in the United States the average output of produce per person engaged in agriculture is two and a half tons, in these countries it amounts to a beggarly quarter of a ton, that is to say, one-tenth of the American production. But in my opinion, the most important factor common to the agriculture of the countries of the Middle East and India is its lopsidedness—its state of unbalance. Everywhere the emphasis is on plant production to the detriment of animal husbandry. The enormous flocks of sheep and goats, the herds of camels and rarely of cattle, should not deceive the visitor from the west. These flocks and herds have nothing to do with farming here. They are the remnants of an ancient pastoral way of life; they are slowly on the retreat as more and more land is ploughed up for cropping. Usually, the arable farmer's livestock is limited to the requirements of his own and his family's subsistence—he does not think to make money out of it. He wants his animals to draw his plough or haul his cart, and to keep his cooking fires alight with their dried dung: milk for the house maybe, cheese, and a certain amount of meat—in those parts which are not strictly vegetarian.



A cow-byre at the Bombay Milk Colony, Aarey

The growing of fodder he confines to the smallest possible acreage, and pastures and leys seem to him a waste of good land.

One might stop a moment here to speculate on the taboos on certain domestic livestock—the pig and cow for instance—in the Middle East and India. Whatever the religious or practical considerations were which first led to these animals being prohibited as sources of human food to the Mussulman on the one hand and the Hindu on the other, the fact remains for the present that a balanced system of farming is largely unattainable while such taboos still exist. Instead, we have a widespread practice of monoculture, for farming in these lands really means plant production. And the results of the lopsided system are most unfortunate. The fertility of the land is steadily being depleted: first, because the available farmyard manure is insufficient in quantity, and what there is, is usually sent up in smoke; and, second, because leguminous fodder plants, which could play an important part in the conservation of soil fertility, are grown only on a relatively small scale, with the result that the number of plants that can be included in useful rotation is very limited.

Primitive Rotation

It is not that the eastern farmer is ignorant of the benefits of rotation. A primitive rotation is followed in order to get any crop at all: the farmer will practise wheat and fallow or include cotton and oil seed, or he may even do something to replace nitrogen in the soil—for instance, by bringing in a legume crop. This sort of rotation has been going on for who knows how many thousands of years. But in spite of this rotational knowledge, monoculture prevails over vast areas with the only alternative of fallow. And the net result is poor cereal yields when rainfall for the area is normal, and no yields at all with attendant famine during prolonged periods of drought.

In spite of the natural hazards—and drought is only one of them, for rain itself in wild torrential gushes, scours and worries away the ground; so does the wind, carrying on its back in the form of dust-storms the thin layer of fertile topsoil; fierce bleaching suns burn up the crops, and what is left the plague of locusts may harvest to a stubble—in spite, then, of these natural hazards, with true eastern persistence the farmer still grows his plants. And among these plants, cereals have an overwhelming preponderance. True, this part of the world has been the cradle of most of our known cereals and this perhaps accounts for the fact that food production here is nearly always identified with cereal growing; but the practical reason why cereals are grown here is surely the fact that, amid all the natural hazards, cereals have in the past offered the best chance of providing food and avoiding actual famine. Wheat and rice are the most important, and, next to them, maize, barley, and different kinds of sorghums and millets. All these take up an excessive acreage in comparison with other crops. Fortunately, as I say, pulses are grown to some extent. They are highly important as an article of human food supplying protein in many diets almost or entirely devoid of meat; and, apart from that, they are the only plants which bring some relief and fertility to the soil.

It is on such crops, such climatic conditions, such methods of farming, and such peoples, that the agricultural technology of the west is now impinging. Over this vast area, with some notable exceptions—as, for instance, in some parts of Turkey—what to western eyes seem obsolete machines and implements are in general use. I mean wooden ploughs, harrows, discs, and so on, drawn at a crawling pace by lumbering oxen. But I have already hinted at the dangers which attend the indiscriminate introduction of western machines and methods without taking full account of local conditions. We ourselves have seen vast and ambitious schemes in tropical and sub-tropical parts come to nought. In India, for example, where nitrogen and organic carbon contents of the soil are very low, deep ploughing can be done only with the greatest care: it could harm the soil far more swiftly and easily than the light scratch of the native plough.

Again, the need for water at the right place at the right time has always been apparent to these eastern farmers. Irrigation is one of the most ancient of techniques. But now, modern schemes are apt to be on a grand scale and bear with them dangers: for the drains and pumps and runnels which give a far better use of huge quantities of water create at the same time a vast need for manure and fertilisers. In the early years, irrigation will bring heavy yields from virgin soils, using up the banked fertility, and if this is not replaced, where then your living water? For these are the very countries where agricultural practice at present prevents a return to the soil of organics and mineral salts. Green manuring, a common practice in Asia, is of itself insuffi-

cient: a revolution in animal management is necessary and an integration of animal husbandry with arable farming of vital importance.

This is indeed a difficult problem. It is fortunate that there is at least nowhere a taboo on the *keeping* of animals of any kind. But this means only that production could be extended. Now where to find a potential market? Nobody can expect a Hindu population of 300,000,000 to change their vegetarian habits from one day to the other, and neither does it seem probable that the 150,000,000 Moham-medans will suddenly start eating bacon for breakfast. Perhaps, in the long run, it might be possible that improved veterinary science and practice might win the battle against the epidemics ravaging the livestock of the east, and then western markets might be opened which could absorb a large part of surplus production. But this is something like a dream of the distant future, and answers must be found to the problems of today and tomorrow.

I imagine that one of these answers might be dairy development. Here nothing hampers the building up of a large market. Local milk consumption is almost unlimited, except by the purse. The present conditions are that milk for town consumers is mainly produced under the most appalling and unhygienic circumstances in the towns themselves. The reason for this is that under the prevailing climatic conditions, transport of such a highly perishable product as milk has been practically impossible, not to speak of the difficulties of distribution. Therefore the only way out has been to make the cow a town dweller. I have seen some of these filthy and overcrowded shacks and stables in which these unfortunate animals are kept. As there is a general lack of water, milk-pails and cans are washed with dirty water and scrubbed with filthy straw. No wonder that, in 1916, the Municipal Analyst of Bombay found that samples of Bombay milk contained more bacteria than similar samples of the sewage water of London. It was therefore a real revelation to me to see recently in just the same town to what an extent conditions have improved by the introduction of an up-to-date milk scheme. Some 15,000 cows have been shifted from Bombay to a highly developed, large, up-to-date dairy farm, and a further 30,000 should follow. But however perfect a solution the Bombay Colony seems from the technical point of view, here we are again confronted with a kind of monoculture. The Bombay Milk Colony is in fact a huge milk factory, having only secondary links with the farmers, inasmuch as they produce the animals and the feeding stuffs but are not actively taking part in the milk production. Therefore the successful attempts to organise the handling of milk on a co-operative basis seem to come nearer to the target.

Other reorganisations, social revolutions even, are at present taking place in these countries. Reform of land tenure has become the slogan everywhere, even where it is unnecessary: all governments must have a shot at it or put themselves in danger. Of course, in a country like India land reform is of first importance, for there eighty per cent. of the tenant farmers have holdings of less than five acres and most of it non-irrigable land; again, in Egypt reform can hardly wait where seventy-two per cent. of the holdings are under one acre. On the other hand, land reform can scarcely be called a burning problem in Syria, where the Government has a few million acres of land reserves claimed by nobody; or in Iraq, where land is so plentiful that irrigable acres are kept fallow for lack of labour.

Systems of Land Titles

It must be admitted that there is a great chaos all over the Near and Middle East and also in some parts of the Indian sub-continent regarding land titles, between individual landownership and the semi-communal village system. It is very rare for the man who cultivates the land to own it as a freeholder and to be able to dispose of it freely. The land is generally owned by the big landowners and leased to smallholders, who are either tenants or sharecroppers. Another system is that of communal tenure, as it prevails, for instance, in Turkey and some parts of India. This system has remained nearly unchanged for the last 500-1,000 years, and farming operations are strictly controlled by the community leaders. I do not think either of these systems could be called unsatisfactory right away, but I must point out their present serious disadvantages. The rents and other charges the tenants have to pay are exorbitant. As a rule, not less than fifty per cent. of the poor crops have to be delivered to cover rents and taxes, and the tenant has to provide for improvements too, the landlords being reluctant to invest. No wonder that under such circumstances there is no chance to improve the extremely low standard

(continued on page 974)

A Commonwealth Stocktaking—III

Under Capricorn

By SIR DOUGLAS COPLAND

MANY changes have occurred in the structure of the Commonwealth during the working life of the generation to which I belong. My parents came from Scotland as pioneers to New Zealand just under 100 years ago. I was born in New Zealand nearly sixty years ago, and over half my life has been spent in public and academic work in Australia. My duties have taken me often to the United Kingdom, and I have been fortunate in being able to visit many parts of the Commonwealth. Now I am High Commissioner for Australia in Canada. But it is chiefly of Australia and New Zealand in relation to the Commonwealth that I wish to speak.

Dominion Status

These two Dominions have always been outposts. Before they came of age, their predominant external association was with the United Kingdom—'home' as it is called—not with each other, and still less with other members of the Commonwealth. There was very little concept of association on the periphery in those days. What held the structure together was the relation between the overseas members and the homeland. In fact, it was surprising to overseas members that the response to the challenge of the first world war was so spontaneous; that the sons of British stock, wherever they were, felt a common sense of destiny. It was an even greater surprise to the enemy. Out of this grew the concept of Dominion status, the first major step in the complete and free association of members of the Commonwealth in all fields of human endeavour. This was to bear abundant fruit in the inter-war period and to rise to great heights in the much more serious challenge of the second world war. The outposts now began to look towards one another as much as to the homeland, so that those of us who lived on the periphery began to participate much more fully and independently in the counsels of the Commonwealth.

This great change was not accomplished without much soul searching and some controversy. Adolescence is always an awkward period for the whole family. In those now seemingly far-off days there was still in Australia and New Zealand a sense of security in our association with the United Kingdom, despite the changes taking place in the pattern of world power. This was a legacy from the days when the United Kingdom could exercise world power, when security was an all-embracing thing for us, and had such a profound influence on all our thinking. I do not need to remind you that a life of security is not necessarily a full and happy life. Some of us were aware in the 'thirties of the change that was taking place, but not enough of us, either in Australia and New Zealand or in the United Kingdom. When the challenge came and the facts were laid bare in 1942, we faced a completely new situation. Australia then brought her men back from the glories of El Alamein to learn the art of jungle warfare, a painful reminder to all of us of how ignorant we were of the facts of our own geographical environment. But our men held the enemy at bay and entered into an association with a new and powerful ally whose sense of security had also received a rather rude shock.

This dramatic change in our fortunes and in our basic policy was not made without some controversy and even some elements of bitterness. But no one doubted that the new and rapidly changing Commonwealth would survive this new crisis. Indeed, the events of 1942 had a profound influence on concepts of Commonwealth. They brought Australia, and later New Zealand, to a realisation at last that their future was bound up with events in the geographical area in which they are placed. The defeat of Japan was as important a matter, and as urgent, as the defeat of Germany. The forces of colonialism and imperialism were to be supplanted in a few short years by great new nationalist movements affecting the lives of 1,000,000,000 people; the south Asian sub-continent was to establish three new and independent states; China was to experience another powerful revolution. These great and sudden changes surprised the rest of the world. They were a bewildering experience for young countries like Australia and New Zealand.

How did we react to this new and somewhat terrifying situation? What were the effects on the Commonwealth? My short answer is

that the reaction showed a remarkable sense of responsibility and the effect on the Commonwealth was wholly good. First, Australia and New Zealand set up, in co-operation with the United Kingdom, the United States, France, and Holland, a South Pacific commission, to consider some of the problems of basic welfare for native peoples in the many smaller islands of the South Pacific. This was a new venture for us—somewhat of an experiment in colonial administration. But it strengthened relations within the Commonwealth and co-operation between the Commonwealth and some leading nations. It was an expression of responsibility from the periphery. Next, we had already entered into Unrra as a contributor, both Australia and New Zealand—indeed, Australia was the fourth largest contributor. This venture was a strange and welcome experience for Australians and New Zealanders, whose eyes hitherto had always been turned west and not north and east. Then we had to take up a position regarding the new national forces rising to independence in the vast south and east Asia area. On the whole we welcomed the general move to a new status for peoples with ancient cultures and pride of intellect. Particularly, we welcomed the new status of India, of Pakistan, and of Ceylon, and their adherence to the Commonwealth under differing and sometimes new conditions.

Finally, I should mention, with some sense of national achievement, the Colombo Plan. Here again there was initiative at the periphery in an attempt to co-operate within the Commonwealth, and between the Commonwealth and other countries, on certain matters of common interest in improving technical training and promoting development in Asian countries. The plan also establishes a new working relationship between the older civilisations of Asia and the western world for limited but important objectives. I should add that Canada also is an important partner in the plan.

Who can doubt that these rapid developments involve for Australia and New Zealand a new and broadening concept of Commonwealth? India, Pakistan, and Ceylon have a special significance for Australians and New Zealanders. It gives us a new and intimate point of contact with the great peoples of our area; still more important, it involves new political approaches to the international problems that affect us all, softening the impact of military and economic force as a controlling influence and strengthening the power of ideas. Finally, it adds prestige to the periphery in the counsels of the Commonwealth, making it a more balanced structure, more of a partnership among equals.

One last matter of considerable importance is a new association with the United States. The Anzus Pact is the tangible expression of this. It is not surprising that Australia and New Zealand should think of the United States as their most immediate associate in the global problems affecting their position and security. In a more important sphere, British and Canadian membership of Nato is similar to Australian and New Zealand participation in the Anzus Pact. Both are, in fact, responses of members of the Commonwealth to changing conditions.

Years of Exciting Developments

Clearly these have been years of strange and at times exciting developments. It would be remarkable if our concept of Commonwealth had not moved in response to our individual and collective responsibilities. For me, the movement seems to offer great promise for the young members of the Commonwealth to which I belong, and for the Commonwealth as a whole. A Commonwealth dedicated to the pursuit of ideas, to the promotion of human welfare, to developing a new and fruitful political association among hundreds of millions of people of all creeds and races, and believing above all things in freedom and the dignity of human personality, appears to me to belong to the ages. It is for us who embrace it, and who shape its destinies, to see that this is brought about. It will be a long and hazardous path, but one rich in the spirit of adventure and the pursuit of ultimate values. Let us go forward, with the joy of youth in our hearts, to ensure that this new concept of Commonwealth shall become a reality, and a great and constructive force in a world now threatening to destroy itself.

—From a talk in the Home Service

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

A Notable Bicentenary

MUSEUMS are formidable institutions. The too conscientious parent, wearying an offspring whose thoughts have turned to ginger beer and buns, can blight a love of them for life. Like the English Channel in June, museums need to be dipped into gingerly. The British Museum, which is now celebrating its second century, is remarkably large—so large that recently some sections of it have had at times to be most inconveniently closed. Moreover owing to its size a student in the Reading Room may have to wait an hour or more for his book. The danger that lurks in a casual exploratory visit is that one is overwhelmed, that one is finished before one begins. Even the hiving off of the Natural History Museum in 1881 has scarcely kept its exuberance within bounds. Only recently has the Museum abandoned something of its eighteenth-century air and begun to make agreeable bobs to the spirit of modernity. It could still perhaps learn a lesson or two from the Victoria and Albert or the Tate Gallery. It is no doubt true that if one is an eminent foreigner or a distinguished novelist sidetracking into popular biography one is greeted with deference; but the humbler student entering the Reading Room or the Print Room for the first time sometimes cannot help feeling like a new boy in the head master's study. Too often the chill air of the old-world Civil Service blows down its marble corridors, reminding us forcibly that time is of less importance than the danger of creating precedents.

But even if one tends to be critical of the British Museum, we grumble because we love. Moreover it is not only the facade that matters. Museums are not dead institutions—even if stuffed birds or broken vases make them look like that to the uninitiated. They are in fact cells of industry. The output of the savants behind the scenes, the guidance and help that they give to researchers, have been of inestimable value in the advance of knowledge and the delineation of history. And thus we all owe a profound debt to Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum.

In the first of three Third Programme talks about the Museum which we publish today, Dr. Gavin de Beer recalls for us the achievements of Sloane, about whom he has just written the first definitive biography. Sloane was an extraordinary character. He was, or thought himself to be, a consumptive at the age of sixteen, but he survived to the age of ninety-three and amassed his vast and miscellaneous collection which was acquired by Act of Parliament and formed the basis of the British Museum. By profession a doctor, and a very prosperous one, a contemporary unkindly remarked that 'the whole business of his life has been a continued series of the greatest vigilance over his own interest, and all the friendships he ever makes are to himself'. However, like other pilers-up of fortune he repaid society quite handsomely in the end. Indeed, he belonged to that outstanding group of seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century dilettantes and collectors who left us so many historical treasures alike in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum and the Bodleian Library at Oxford. And though the British Museum dates back only to the middle of the eighteenth century, the ghosts of the pioneers of the Royal Society—that unique group of able, versatile men—presides over it. From Karl Marx to the latest fledgling from our universities there can be few who have worked or studied in its central building without retaining some feeling of nostalgia for their Bloomsbury days.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Everest and the Coronation

THE CORONATION OF Queen Elizabeth II was the subject of many enthusiastic commentaries from all over the free world. In broadcasts from the communist world it was briefly reported as a minor item of news. A number of commentators from the free world found in the conquest of Everest an omen for a new great Elizabethan age.

From the United States *The New York Times* on June 3 was quoted as describing the Coronation as one of the most remarkable events in history. It continued:

Anyone who tries to tell us that some more fortuitous combination of weather and material circumstances brought about the triumph of Mount Everest on the eve of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation might just as well save his breath. This is an omen. As long as men live, as long as there are pages to record the chronicles of the human race, it will be set down that man completed his conquest of the world while a young woman was preparing for consecration as the Queen of England. Hillary, the New Zealander, and Tensing, the Sherpa, 'Tiger of the Snows', will take their place with Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. While such men serve the monarchs of England, one need not worry about the decline and fall of the British Empire. It would be hard to say which event moved us the more. Indeed, we do not have to say, for they were of a piece and always will be.

On Coronation Day itself the same newspaper had been quoted for the following article:

The magnificent feat of the British expedition will no doubt be taken by many of Her Majesty's loyal subjects as an omen that England is indeed entering a new Elizabethan age, an age of greatness in which British might and British valour will once more conquer the unconquerable. Be that as it may. Today the whole world can rejoice with the young Queen in a display of courage, fortitude and high adventure such as we are not often privileged to witness in a lifetime.

The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as seeing in the conquest of Everest as thrilling a Coronation present as could be given to the Queen; a triumph of the human spirit, of sportsmanship and of idealism.

From France, the left-wing *Combat* was quoted as describing the Coronation as 'the most grandiose spectacle of the century':

In this procession which brings back the wealth of their history, the free subjects of Elizabeth II were cheering their future and the very image of their greatness.

From western Germany, the *Frankfurter Neue Presse* was quoted:

The British people in their unity, their armed might and their Church, have crowned their Queen as a symbol of the greatness and power of Britain. It was a unique display full of deep significance—no old monarchical ceremony of doubtful worth, but rather the affirmation by an entire country that the Throne is the symbol of its determination to maintain its position and its hopes for the future.

And from western Berlin *Der Tag* was quoted as pointing to the gross error of anyone who regarded the Coronation as a mere spectacle:

To Britain and the Commonwealth countries particularly it means far more. Among the national institutions which Britain has preserved intact down the centuries, the Crown stands paramount. As a political power it may no longer be what it was, but just because it has lost in political power, it has become what it is today—the unchallenged centre of the nation.

From Canada, the *Montreal Star*, after proclaiming Canada's loyalty to the Queen, went on to refer to the conquest of Everest:

The reward is the reward of the spirit. Man made the challenge simply for the satisfaction of attempting the impossible, and the impossible having been proved within the scope of human achievement, all humanity is the richer for it.

From Australia, the *Sydney Sun* was quoted as follows:

This British triumph, coinciding with the Coronation, may well be an additional source of inspiration to the people by whom the advent of the Queen to the Throne had already been accepted as a happy augury.

The *Times of India* was quoted as follows:

It seems a very long time ago since Kipling wrote of East and West as the twain which shall never meet. The wonder and the miracle of the modern Commonwealth is that they have met and that together they may yet symbolise the greatest unifying force for human peace and progress the world has ever known. That is India's prayer and hope on the solemn occasion of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation.

Did You Hear That?

INN APPROPRIATE

'DURING THE PAST twenty-five years or so', said GERALD MILLAR in a Home Service broadcast, 'there has been a great revival of interest in the inn sign. This revival was quickened by the exhibition held in London in 1936. Half-a-dozen leading architects of the day and the Brewers' Society, as representing the main body of public house owners, formed the committee. Two hundred and sixty signs, of all shapes and sorts, were unhooked and collected together.

'Probably nineteen out of every twenty signs are in two dimensions—painted boards, wood or metal, on a bracket or a separate post, often with a nice frame, or cresting of wrought iron. "The Three Swans" at Market Harborough is one of the most splendid examples of framework. Signs should be more a poster than a picture. There is no room for the easel picture, or for anything elaborate. Robust is the right adjective and gusto is the right noun. A well-defined silhouette in a few colours is one good recipe. There is no room for subtlety, or anything highbrow or ironical. And a joke has to be terribly funny to stand the test of time. If the sign depicts Henry VIII, Charles I or II, Farmer George or William IV, the artist who knows his job takes the master portraits by Holbein, Van Dyck, Lely, Ramsay, or Lawrence: and simplifies them. Believe me, that is a lot harder than it sounds—to make colour and features stand out clearly. Recognisable at a glance, in fact, but neither garish nor (worse still) flat and lifeless. Heraldry—coats of arms, crests and badges—is a great test.

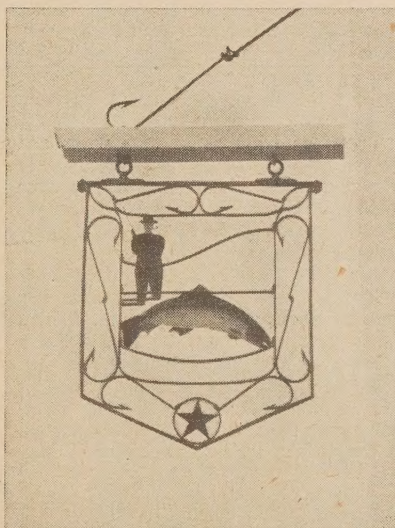
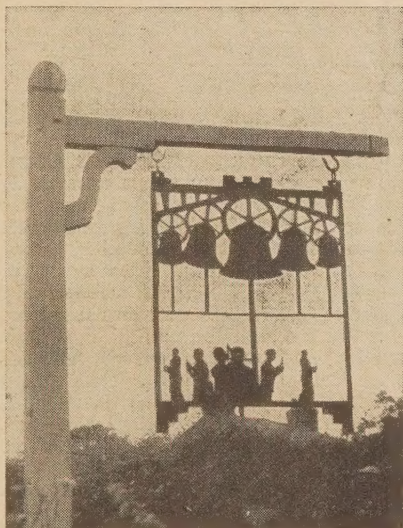
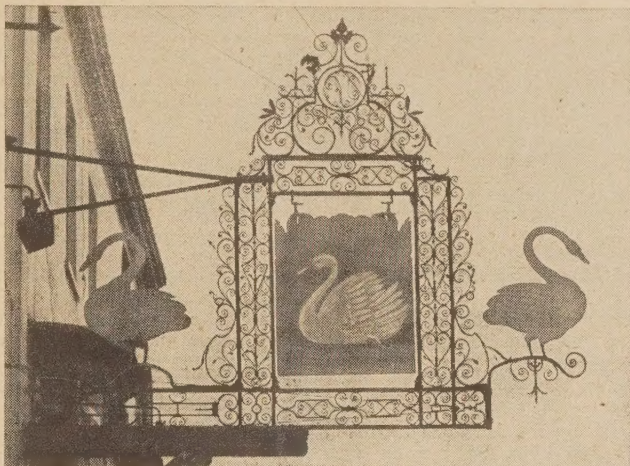
'Some of our best signs are heraldic, and there is also a lot of poor work, and phoney coats of arms, too, from Victorian days—the Railway Engine Arms, the Aquarium Arms and (believe it or not) the Nightsoilmen's Arms. Heraldry should have a stark simplicity, and the decorative value of an Italian primitive. The older the arms the simpler—one at least of their first purposes was that a man might quickly recognise his friends or enemies in the midst of a battle. Heraldry needs extreme skill and a sense of decoration.

'Lettering, too, is vastly important. It should be a real part of the sign. Readability and fitness are the answer. Lettering may be bold or austere: but it should not be mannered or precious, or fussy and 'old-worldie'. To sum up: the inn sign is a hearty and rather theatrical affair. But it does not follow that either the biggest firms or the most eminent painters produce the best signs. Often, the local sign-painter can succeed where the Royal Academician might fail. One of the

troubles about the painted board is the English climate. Mr. Ralph Ellis reckons that one year outside does more harm than fifty years inside.

'There is another type, in two dimensions—the sign in cut-out metal. It relies on its silhouette; the metal is sometimes painted; the effect can be striking. I recommend the King's Head at Halstead in

Essex, the Six Ringers at Felmersham in Bedfordshire, and the Anglers' Arms Inn at Weldon Bridge in Northumberland.



Signs of (top) The Three Swans at Market Harborough, (left) The Six Ringers at Felmersham, and (right) The Anglers' Arms at Weldon Bridge

CHANDIS OF JAVA

A short while ago PROFESSOR D. G. E. HALL of the School of Oriental and African Studies explored some of Java's ancient monuments. He spoke about his work in 'The Eye-witness'. 'The most common form is a religious shrine called a chandi', he said. 'In this the ashes of a ruler are deposited under a portrait image of him or her in the form of the Hindu or Buddhist deity with whom he or she has been identified in life and is united in death. A chandi is usually a tapering tower decorated with sculptured reliefs depicting stories from the great Indian classics. It is built, storey by storey, with an image chamber high above ground level and reached by flights of steps. It often forms part of a large complex of shrines commemorating queens, princesses, or important statesmen. Most chandis are in various stages of ruin, but in the days of Dutch rule some fine restorative work was done, and today, under the Indonesian Government, a good deal is still being carried on under the supervision of Dutch experts.

'Chandi Badut, in the Malang area, when it was first discovered consisted, so I was told, of a few stones in a tree. It was partially restored by the Dutch. The finest

piece of restorative work that I saw in Java was the majestic Siva temple at Prambanan near Jokjakarta, which is nearly completed. It is really an immense chandi, some 180 feet high, and stands in a group of eight main shrines surrounded by upwards of 200 smaller ones. Some people think that the whole complex must originally have been more imposing even than the great Borobudur, which stands a few miles away on the opposite side of Jokjakarta'.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS

'Many gardeners, who live around Washington', said LEONARD MIAL, B.B.C. correspondent, in a talk in the Home Service, 'have been worrying recently about a tremendous plague of locusts which suddenly appeared after an absence of seventeen years. My garden



The great fire of July 8, 1892, at St. John's, Newfoundland: a contemporary engraving from *The Illustrated London News*

was covered with them at the end of May. They are evil-looking creatures, about a couple of inches long. They climb out of holes in the ground—holes the size of your little finger—and then creep on to a tree and shed their brown, transparent, outer skin. The cast-off skin looks like a separate beast and the newly emerged locust is white and soft and wet, but in a short while its body turns black. It has fearsome red eyes and large transparent wings.

'Anxious neighbours have been telephoning the American Department of Agriculture—do they bite, do they sting, will they eat up the flowers, is it unsafe to hang out the washing? The answer to all these questions is no. They are harmless to man, they may damage some young shrubs and fruit trees because they suck the sap, but they are not particularly hungry and they are not true locusts. Their real name is cicada, though they are generally known as "seventeen-year locusts". Their main nuisance is their singing which had not started when I left, but I am told that the male locust in the mating season, makes a sound by vibrating drums at the rear of each wing, and apparently when you get tens of thousands of locusts strumming in unison, the noise is fiendish. In past years, schools have had to close because the teacher simply could not be heard. These repulsive creatures have a life above ground of only a month or so, but they are nearly seventeen years old when they crawl out of the ground.

'For the past seventeen years, they have been living in tunnels burrowed deep underground—now they have emerged to mate and die. The female makes slits in trees and bushes to lay her eggs in. After a few weeks the egg hatches into a larva, something like an ant. For a brief time, this creature runs about on the limb of the tree and then plunges down to the ground. As soon as the larva hits the ground, it begins to dig. It attaches itself to a small root and moves slowly below the frost line. There this wingless grub stays, doing little damage until it starts its burrowing trip to the surface again to re-emerge in May of 1970'.

THE TOWN WITH THE FLAMING HISTORY

'The town with the flaming history—St. John's—stands on the eastern part of Newfoundland nearest to Britain and furthest from America', said MARGARET DULEY in a Home Service talk, 'and to sail towards this almost landlocked harbour is to experience something new in ocean-going travel. When approaching port one immediately thinks that a hitherto sane little ship has gone mad and is now sailing into solid rock. To a traveller, not in the know, the experience is startling. The urge comes to rush to the captain and beseech him to stop the ship and save everyone from certain death. Then the miracle occurs; fear dies down. In front of astonished eyes a gap appears in encircling hills and the ship sails serenely into a harbour that has provided sanctuary for storm-tossed vessels ever since the first explorers sailed in cockle-shell boats to discover new lands. Perhaps that is why the pioneers named some of Newfoundland's snug harbours Heart's Delight, Heart's Desire, Heart's Content, Little Heart's Ease, Little Paradise or simply Paradise without qualification. Visitors to Newfoundland are often amused by these nostalgic names when they fail to see

Paradise in harbours cradled in rocky arms. But perhaps the sailor, weary of the sea's long game of pitch and toss, truly experiences Paradise when his ship is home from the sea. Even today the harbour acts as a sanctuary at the feet of the tall, wooden town of St. John's. When the frequent storm-signals go up, and storm-warnings are broadcast to ships at sea, then the Newfoundlanders know that their harbour will fill with flustered-looking little schooners, trawlers, druggers, etc., bustling into port.

'But what is St. John's like and why does it look flimsy against a background of granite hills topped with forests of spruce and fir? Do many people know that it is in the same latitude as Paris; that Newfoundland is by no means all Fish-and-Fog-Land; that it has an Arctic reputation it does not deserve? In fact, contrary to general impression the island is not an ice-bound, fog-veiled shore. Winter temperatures in St. John's rarely fall to zero and much of the reputed fog lies solely on the Banks of Newfoundland, 200 miles away where the Arctic Current sets up a perpetual conflict with the Gulf Stream, but, in that conflict, lies the whole drama of Newfoundland, for its atmosphere is dramatic in the extreme. The moody old island with its springless year, can suddenly become so fair and smiling and concede summer days of such dazzling splendour that flowers literally seem to pant and plump out like excited balloons. Then the native insists—for sure—that he is seeing God's country. But in reverse Newfoundland can show a face of such malevolence that one might think it the land that God forgot. Other than that Newfoundland is so sharp with rock that one remembers an old myth depicting God in a moment of creative weariness tumbling rocks from His lap to make Newfoundland. Also, very uneven, St. John's rolls up hill and down dale, so much so that early surveyors, intent on finding a spot to make a runway for transatlantic flying, were heard to say that all the flat country in Newfoundland could be covered with one pocket-handkerchief.

'The truest thing that can be said about St. John's is that it is boisterous with high and constant wind. To live there is to be searched continually, to feel the mean skinny winds and the great cleansing winds sniffing at human flesh and blood like the ghosts of dead dogs yearning for a bone. It seems as if the wind is so curious that it must invade every nook and cranny and rush through human flesh to find the marrow bone. A sensitive artist once visiting St. John's suddenly stopped in the middle of a road and began to use his fists as if he were shadow-boxing. When asked the reason why, he explained, quite savagely, that he had to try to fight the wind that would not let him walk alone.

"Here the winds blow—" That, in essence, is Newfoundland, and the core of the reason why St. John's came to be called the town with the flaming history, for in such a place fire becomes the sport of wind, blowing it far and wide so that it will not miss one inflammable object in a wooden town. Informed people in Newfoundland can recite the dates when great areas of St. John's became ashes, 1816, '17, '39, '46, with the fire that was the most calamitous of all occurring in 1892, on a hot summer day when someone threw a lighted match near a load of hay'.

The Fall of Byzantium*

By SETON LLOYD

PATRIOTISM, or the brand of it which nowadays seems more portentously to be called nationalism, is notoriously preoccupied with its own interpretation of history. It is, for instance, entirely possible for the memory of an event which took place five centuries ago to fill a whole nation with unsimulated exhilaration, though foreign historians see in it an element of tragedy. I imagine that the recent anniversary of the capture by the Turks of Constantinople and the consequent dissolution of the Byzantine Empire, is an occasion which one must be careful to regard in this light. On that spring morning in 1453, when the Emperor had already lost his life in the street fighting, and the Sultan Muhammed II was leading the first Moslem prayer in the Church of Santa Sofia, a profound change took place in the whole perspective of the contemporary world. Yet today, no requiem for the departed glories of Byzantium must be allowed to obscure the fact that, for the Turks, 'it was a famous victory'.

I think that on May 29, which was the day of the celebration, our Turkish friends in Istanbul would have been remembering, not so much the doubtful legacy of intrigue and corruption which was all that remained of Byzantium when the flower of its art and literature had been dispersed over

the face of Europe, but rather the long struggle of which their victory was the culmination. They will have thought of the preceding centuries during which their ancestors were establishing themselves in Asia Minor; of the early Ottoman Sultans and their first beautiful capital among the lime-trees and fountains of Bursa on the shoulder of Mount

Olympus; of the nation's brilliant *risorgimento* after the disaster of the Mongol invasions, and, finally, of the Seljuks, predecessors of the Ottomans, who in the remote Middle Ages initiated the first phase in the conquest of Byzantium. Modern Turks have the most personal affection for their Seljuk forebears; and it is really by no means difficult to share, when one travels as I have been doing recently among their cities and the monuments which they have left, endeavouring always to recapture something of their personality. For they emerge as a people of extraordinary character.

By a strange coincidence, the first appearance of the Turks in Asia Minor corresponds in time almost exactly to the Norman invasion of our own country. In the year 1071 a battle was fought at Malesgird, north of Lake Van, in which the Seljuk Sultan, Alp Arslan, completed the conquest of Armenia by defeating a Byzantine army sent to defend it. This enabled him to march



Above: Hoshap Castle, near Lake Van, Turkey: much of the building is eighteenth-century, but the embattled towers are 500 years older

Left: the seventeenth-century palace of Dogu Bayezit, with the tomb of the founder, Ishak Pasha

Right: portal of the Uli Jami at Divrik—a double building incorporating both a mosque and a hospital



* Last of a group of three talks to mark the quincenary of the fall of the Byzantine Empire

unopposed into Anatolia. Like the Normans in England, the Turks at once set about consolidating their conquest, and in either case a new dynasty was soon founded. The fact that geographically the Normans and the Turks were separated by the breadth of a complete continent, makes it all the more strange that within the space of a single generation their respective rulers were destined to a personal encounter on a field of battle, in the course of the first Crusade.

The battle of Malesgird and the establishment of the Seljuks in Anatolia actually represented almost the last chapter in what had been a most spectacular succession of conquests. It was at the very beginning of the eleventh century that they had first made their appearance on the eastern horizon of the Islamic world, and they had found it in a state of considerable disorder. The supremacy of the Buwayhid over Mesopotamia had shattered the authority of the Caliphate, and in Baghdad had reduced the status of the Caliph himself to that of a mere paid official. His vast dominions had disintegrated into a tangle of minor powers and conflicting principalities, whose quarrels had reduced the whole Middle East to a state of political confusion. Down upon this broken civilisation came the first Seljuk armies—immense disciplined hordes, pouring across the Oxus and defeating Persians, Arabs, and Kurds in rapid succession. The Buwayhids, together with the Marwanids and a dozen other outlandish dynasties, were chased out of the annals of history never to return, and Seljuk arms within a mere forty years of their first victory had created an empire stretching from Afghanistan to the Mediterranean.

The Earliest Sultans

The earliest Sultans, Toghrul Bey, Alp Arslan, and Melik Shah—the 'Great Seljuks' as they came to be called—are shadowy heroic figures looming rather more than life-size in the picture of contemporary history, but hardly surviving their own conquests. Their new territories were divided between relatives and dependants whose antagonism soon disrupted the unity of the empire they had created. Among the subdivisions which resulted I would like to consider in particular the so-called Seljuks of Rûm who became rulers of Asia Minor, since their character and ability, as I have said, lend so much colour to the early phases of Turkish history.

The pattern of the Seljuk possessions in Turkey at the time of the Crusades is a rather curious one. In the centre of the rectangle of Anatolia the Sultanate makes a huge oval province, surrounded by a sort of peripheral fringe consisting of maritime territories not yet owned by the Turks. From the little state of Trebizond on the Black Sea coast, through the Bosphorus and Hellespont to the Aegean coast and eastwards again as far as the miniature Armenian kingdom of Cilicia, there is a chain of Christian communities still subject to the rather waning power of the Byzantine Empire. In the light of history this is not really surprising. For links in that chain are the old Greek cities whose imperial ties were still protected by sea-power. The Seljuks, in fact, had so far only possessed themselves of the interior and were pausing to watch the new turn which the Crusades might give to their relations with the Greeks.

When the eastward thrust of the crusading armies reopened the old pilgrim route across southern Anatolia, the Turks felt at first more than ever cut off from the sea. But when the Greeks observed the conduct of their European co-religionists, and found Latin principalities being set up in their own coastal cities, they turned to their previous enemies for help. The result was a curious uneasy liaison between Sultan and Emperor which survived, admittedly with frequent interruptions, right up to the end of the twelfth century. By that time the Crusaders were no longer a serious menace and Byzantium had degenerated into a state of amenable dependence. So that the Seljuks were at last able to push out and obtain sea-bases on the Mediterranean and Black Sea coasts. They could also pause to eliminate their rivals the Danishmanids, whose power had recently usurped some of the richest cities of the interior.

This rather complicated sequence of events serves to account for the presence of the Seljuks in Asia Minor, but it has so far provided little clue to their character. One has first to realise that they were not mere ignorant nomads or marauding Bedouin, but a people of considerable sophistication and dignity. Their struggle till now had been against anarchy and paganism, but in it they had shown unexpected humanity and a lack of fanaticism which was entirely un-Moslem. Success had brought out their natural talent for administration and peaceful interests, such as art patronage. Indeed, as artists in their own right they were already showing remarkable ability. During the hundred years since Malesgird, all this had made a deep impression on the old Byzantine

provinces. The Turkish language and culture had already greatly modified their way of life, and the process of change had begun whereby classical Asia Minor has eventually become modern Turkey. The eventual conquest of Byzantium, therefore, by the Seljuk's successors, the Osmanli Turks, was no sudden catastrophe or historical chance. I do not think one has to be a Turk to regard it as one of the natural and notable results of a great people on the move.

The surviving monuments of Seljuk art testify strongly to all that I have just said. During the first half of the thirteenth century the Sultanate passed through a period of peace and great splendour. The capital had now been transferred from Nicaea to Konya and the court of Alah-ad-din the Great was thronged with artists and men of letters. Among others there was Jelal-ad-din Rumi, the great mystic philosopher, whose poetry has so profoundly affected the Turkish outlook, and who was at that time founding his famous order of Dervishes. The great university cities of Sivas, Amasya, and Kayseri had become quiet oases of learning and intellectual speculation in a setting of unique architectural elegance. At no period was Islamic art more brilliant, and to this interlude we owe some of the most distinguished monuments which survive in Turkey today. Travelling round the country in recent years, I have repeatedly encountered them—sometimes in unexpected places and always with a curious shock of pleasure at the generosity of their ornament.

Konya itself, as it happens, is by no means the richest centre in this respect. At Nigde, for instance, and Karaman there are the beautiful 'medreses'—college-buildings with their quiet 'quads' overlooked by the windows of the students' quarters, very close in atmosphere to our own universities. There are mosques like that at Kirshehir, and everywhere clusters of these charming 'turbes'—stone tomb-chambers, square or octagonal built to the delicate Seljuk formula with domes and pointed roofs. Finally, on the old Seljuk highways there are magnificent stone bridges and elaborately equipped caravanserais, sometimes dignified by the exquisite proportions of a private mosque, enshrined in the centre of their wide courtyards.

The architecture of these buildings is a highly individual style, standardised at the time over a wide area. Yet, rather disconcertingly, its antecedents are at first by no means apparent. One feels that some freak of history has obscured its origin and development, leaving one to guess at the influences which have contributed to it and to marvel at their diversity. The whole thing is a fascinating synthesis which has unfortunately never been satisfactorily analysed. If one asks why this is so, the answer is immediately clear. Only a small proportion of these monuments have so far been properly studied and recorded. There are conspicuous examples, such as, for instance, the whole group of important buildings at Karaman, of which no photograph or plan appears in any book published outside Turkey. Last summer it was our own discovery of this deficiency which led to a rather ambitious journey into the remote eastern provinces, in search of further unrecorded Seljuk monuments.

Old Caravan Trail to the Euphrates

The city of Sivas provided the first opportunity to adapt one's mood to the peculiar circumspection of the setting in which the early Turks lived. Here there are a dozen well-preserved buildings of the period, and, walking over the original cobbled streets, with their wonderful sculptured facades rising on either side, it is genuinely possible to recapture the atmosphere of an oriental university in the Middle Ages. Beyond Sivas, we made a diversion over more than 100 miles of the old caravan-trail leading southwards to the Euphrates and Mesopotamia, in order to visit Divrik, and this proved to have been immensely worthwhile. Unlike Sivas, Divrik has only a single Seljuk building of any pretensions, but this is certainly the best-preserved and probably the most beautiful medieval monument in Turkey. The Ulu Jami, as it is called, is really a double building incorporating both a mosque and a hospital each with its own superbly decorated portico. Here, the exuberance of the carving is so bewildering that the eye can only gradually differentiate Arab and Persian motifs from Central Asian influences reminiscent of Hindu and even Chinese art. The whole effect is saved from vulgarity by the huge areas of chaste ashlar masonry, with which the more ornate features are contrasted. So also, in the interior of the mosque, the effects of contrast are skilfully exploited. A huge stone moulding, for instance, surrounding the prayer-niche, is interrupted with almost disconcerting abruptness by a single flamboyant outcrop of sculptured foliage.

Returning from Divrik, we took the highroad to Erzerum, which is

the chief centre of the eastern provinces. Historians have said of the Seljuks that they devastated Armenia but, if this be so, one can at least see that the country received something in return. For there is hardly a city in these parts where some solid and lasting example of their architecture is not to be seen, projecting from the ephemeral rubbish of later times. A good example is the beautiful Chifte Minare college at Erzerum, on whose facades one may study the curious symbolism of Saracenic heraldry. These people were not after all so far in outlook from the Crusaders, and one remembers suddenly the rules of chivalry which governed their encounters, occasionally leaving both sides in a state of perplexed admiration.

Beyond Erzerum there is a notable change in the landscape. Range upon range of snow-capped mountains begin to appear: the distances become immense, and one has the strange feeling that there is already a smell of Central Asia in the air. Several days' motoring brought us to the remote and isolated waters of Lake Van, reflecting the blunted cones of two extinct volcanoes. Here too there are Seljuk remains, particularly at Ahlat on the west coast. But after reaching the lake, we struck southwards in search of a particular castle called Hoshap, referred to by early travellers, but seldom visited since. The first sight of this fortress, when we did eventually discover it, would alone have been compensation enough for the rather arduous search. The river we had been following was spanned by the arches of a fine bridge, and above it on a high pinnacle of rock stood the castle itself, the pale stonework of its bastions and slender watch-towers appearing no less fragile and intangible than the cumulus clouds behind it. Its aloof detachment suggested a sort of Kafka relationship with the modest township beneath. Much of the building seemed to be eighteenth century in date, but the embattled towers were 500 years older, and over the entrance we again saw the quaint heraldic symbols of some Seljuk family.

In the same class as Hoshap was an extraordinary Turkish chateau, which we afterwards visited, facing towards Mount Ararat at Dogu Bayezit on the Turko-Persian frontier. This was built as late as the seventeenth century by a feudal lord called Ishak Pasha. As a deliberate essay in the Seljuk style, it served as an interesting postscript to the architectural study which we had been making. It was easy to understand this Ottoman Pasha's nostalgic passion for Seljuk culture, which had induced him to recruit more than 1,000 craftsmen from Mardin and other centres where the tradition still survived, solely for the purpose of this aesthetic experiment. Concerning the result, one can only say that it should long ago have found a place in every history of architecture. As it is, I think that our own photographs are the first to reach this country. Bayezit was the furthest extent of our journey. Returning to Erzerum, we followed in the tracks of Xenophon's 'Ten Thousand' over the two tremendous passes which bring one down eventually to Trebizond and the sticky heat of the Black Sea coast. At Samsun we turned inland and, after a final sojourn among the now familiar beauties of Seljuk Amasya, returned slowly to Ankara.

Our travels have left us full of admiration for the taste and sensibility of the earliest Turkish artists, and of regret that their work has till now been so little appreciated by Europeans. The majority of early travellers, in search of Greek and Roman remains, had little time for Moslem buildings. With a complacency unabated since the crusades, they would dismiss them as 'Saracenic' or 'showing a marked Persian influence', and usually leave it at that. It has remained for scholars of our own generation to repair the omission and introduce Seljuk art to western Europe. When, as a result, it is more widely known, I feel that it will go a long way towards proving that the pride of the modern Turk in his ancestors rests on something more than mere patriotism.—*Third Programme*

Margot Oxford: A Personal Impression

By LADY VIOLET BONHAM CARTER

I WANT to try to give you an impression of my step-mother, Margot Oxford, one of the most vivid, vital, and unique human beings I have ever known. The word 'unique' I know is over-worked, but to her it really did apply. It is true to say that I have never known anyone, man or woman, who was the least like her. She was the eleventh of twelve children—born in Peeblesshire—in the country of Hogg and Scott between the Yarrow and the Tweed, and she seemed to have been endowed at birth with a double dose of life.

I was seven years old when she married my father. She was never in the least like a mother, nor was she like a step-mother, wicked or otherwise. She flashed into our lives like some dazzling bird of paradise—brilliant, incalculable, unexpected—filling us with admiration, amazement, amusement, affection, sometimes even (as children) with a vague uneasiness as to what she might, or might not, do next. We realised, of course, that she was a law unto herself—but would other people do so too, we sometimes wondered with a faint disquiet. Entirely devoid of caution, or what some might have called discretion; contemptuous of convention, unaware of public opinion, she went through life just as she rode to hounds, with reckless audacity, absolute courage, complete self-confidence but no vanity.

Here is her own description of herself as she wrote it:

'In appearance she was small—with rapid, nervous movements, energetic, never wholly ungraceful but inclined to be restless.

'Her face did not betray the intelligence she possessed, as her eyes though clear and well-shaped were too close together. Her hawk nose was bent over a short upper lip and a meaningless mouth.

'She had curly, pretty hair growing well over a finely cut forehead. In manner easy—unselfconscious, emphatic, inclined to be noisy from over-keenness and perfectly self-possessed. Her honesty more a peculiarity than a virtue'.

For this last I can vouch. She never tempered the wind of her words or of her opinions to the shorn lamb—or even to the unshorn. And there were times when they would have penetrated the thickest fleece or pelt. And, as she herself admits, she was no respecter of persons.

I often remember an occasion—it was in the early 'twenties—when King George V and Queen Mary came to have luncheon with my father at our house in Bedford Square. It was a quiet private occasion and I think there were only eight of us present. The newspapers were ringing at the time with the case of an archdeacon who was supposed to have miscondacted himself in various ways—though always wearing gaiters and other badges of office—and as we sat down to luncheon the King said to my step-mother, 'You know, Lady Oxford, I am one of those who still believe in the complete innocence of the archdeacon'. 'Ah, Sir, I know there are still some donkeys who believe that', replied my step-mother, with a perfect naturalness and unselfconsciousness which took any sting of disrespect from the words. King George was intensely amused. It was a long time since



Margot Oxford: a photograph taken in 1939

he had been called a donkey, even by implication, and I felt what a relief it must be to those who live hedged round by the conventional and the platitudinous to meet occasionally—not too often, of course, that would never do—someone who talked to them completely naturally, without putting every word and thought through a filter.

From all accounts she was equally frank in her youth with her many suitors, whose name was legion. An elderly Scottish widower, Sir William Miller, who had first thought of her as a possible bride for his son, began, on closer acquaintance, to think of her as a possible second wife for himself. 'Margy', he said to her one day, 'Margy, would you rather break your leg or marry me?' 'I'd rather break both, Sir William', she replied unhesitatingly.

She had a lifelong friendship with a famous American multi-millionaire who suffered from a hideously disfiguring affliction of the nose, of which he was acutely conscious. He once asked her, rather pathetically: 'What would you do if you had a nose like mine, Margot?' She replied gently and kindly: 'I don't think I should worry very much. After all you can't ever have been *very* good-looking at any time'.

But if her candour was sometimes ruthless, it was because she could not bring herself to believe that truth could wound. Her one desire was to help—if possible to improve—other people. As she herself once wrote: 'I have a great longing to help those I love which leads me to intrepid personal criticism and I do not always know what hurts my friends' feelings . . .'. This is absolutely true. She was entirely devoid of malice and quite incapable of inflicting deliberate pain on anyone.

An Artist in Living

But she was an artist in living—and just as she herself longed above all things to be always 'at her best', always at concert-pitch, so she desired the same standard for others. She could not bear to see them making a bad job of themselves. And so she could not resist telling them just where she thought they were going wrong—that (for instance) they were wearing the wrong hat, at the wrong angle; that they were getting much too fat ('My dear, your fat alarms me'); that their teeth needed attention ('*Why* are your teeth dark olive green? Go to my dentist at once—tell him to pull out every tooth in your head and send the bill in to me'). I remember a guest at one of our week-end parties coming down to breakfast looking slightly shaken—almost shell-shocked. A note from Margot had been served upon him with his morning tea which read: 'Dearest X. Do let *me* be your skin doctor'. It took quite a long time to restore his morale. I am afraid her friends were not always grateful for her rescue-work, however well meant. But though painful it was at least a proof of her intense and selfless interest in other people and her desire for their success.

For herself, she loved success, praise, admiration, love, and clutched at them as simply and as avidly as any child. But she also gave them in full measure. With reckless generosity she poured out, to strangers and to friends alike, emotion, money, sympathy (as well as good advice!) with open hands and heart. I do not think that anyone has ever gone to her for help of any kind in vain.

Her social qualities were dazzling. In her youth they found their setting in that brilliant company of friends known as the 'Souls', of which she was one of the leading spirits. But apart from her gay social life she had both moral and intellectual ambition, a real desire for self-improvement, and a great gift for making friends with old and serious people. She loved and revered Mr. Gladstone, who wrote a quatrain in her honour:

For she brings such a treasure of movement and life,
Fun, spirit and stir to folk weary with strife,
Though young and though fair who can hold such a cargo
Of all the good qualities going as Margot?

Another of her older friends was the famous Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, who translated Plato and Thucydides. A little worried, perhaps, about her possible indiscretion, he once asked her if she ever told anyone that he corresponded with her—to which she replied: 'I should rather think so, I tell every railway-porter!' She records that this depressed him.

I have said that my step-mother was an artist in living. She had flawless and intensely individual taste, both in clothes (for which she had an insatiable appetite that she indulged to the full), and in the arrangement and decoration of a house. She had an unerring eye, an inspired sense of colour and a gift for placing any object, whether it was a flower on a dress, a vase on a table, or a picture on a wall, as only she could have placed it—and yet where it looked exactly and inevitably right. If it is possible to have an 'eye for music', it was hers.

Her passion for politics was a strange aberration, for—paradoxically—politics was her blindest spot. She saw them almost wholly in terms of politicians (and these she often judged astutely), but she had not the smallest grasp of any political or economic problem. To her politics certainly meant men, not measures. Another of her incongruous tastes was bridge—a game for which she had a passionate addiction without any understanding of its first principles. Incurably restless and as incapable of counting as a bird, she would sit hour after hour at the bridge-table, pitting herself against the finest players (at incalculable cost), without an inkling of what was happening.

But her greatest gift was conversation—an art for which she had something approaching genius. With her it was perhaps not so much an art as an expression of her personality—vivid, spontaneous, fearless, and always flashing with the unexpected. To those who did not know her it is impossible to suggest its pace, its wit, its colour. Above all, it was first-hand. I do not think she ever uttered a *cliché* in her life. She could not have thought of one, however hard she tried.

She had an amazing gift of describing people in what I can only call a kind of verbal flashlight photograph—a flashlight which often revealed far more than their outward appearance. It sometimes penetrated like an X-ray to the hidden depths of their characters and minds. Her lightning judgments were, of course, 'hit or miss', but she scored a surprisingly high proportion of bull's-eyes. I was constantly amazed by the piercing truth and insight of her assessment of human beings. How did she know? Not—I could vouch for that—by listening to what they said. She seemed to apprehend the essence of their being by some short-cut of her own, almost through the pores of her skin. Here are a few flashlights chosen at random from my remembered store:

Of Lord Birkenhead: 'Lord Birkenhead is very clever but sometimes his brains go to his head'.

Of my father: 'His modesty amounts to deformity'.

Of one of my father's colleagues who shall be nameless: 'He can't see a belt without hitting below it'.

Of a well-known American general in the first world war: 'An imitation rough diamond'.

Of a close and intimate female friend—in a moment of irritation: 'She tells enough white lies to ice a wedding cake'.

She was a wonderful raconteur—always dramatic—and seldom accurate. She was inclined in repeating dialogue to put her own words into other people's mouths. As Sir Edward Grey once said to me: 'Of course, her repetitions of conversations are sheer ventriloquism'.

But she had a serious side to her nature which was not generally recognised except by those who knew her well. She had a strong sense of family life and adored children. She was deeply religious, and she loved 'observances' of all kinds: regular church-going, listening to sermons, praying the Old Year out, remembering anniversaries.

No one loved life with greater ardour or tenacity. And life to her meant youth—'triumphant youth'. Age was an enemy with whom she would not come to terms of any kind. As Desmond MacCarthy wrote truly, she refused to reduce by one jot her demands on life. 'She was', he wrote, 'unteachable and splendid'. She has been called an egotist—and it is true that she could see through no eyes, feel through no heart, but her own. But she was never self-enclosed or self-sufficient, never numb. Her boundless generosity, her honesty and courage, her power to feel and give, were there for all to see. But hidden deep down in her nature was a quality which few could know, or even guess at—her real humility.—*Home Service*

The Letters of Theodore Roosevelt, Volumes V and VI (Oxford, 130s. the pair) have for sub-title *The Big Stick*. And appropriately so, for they cover the period between September 1905 (when Roosevelt was launched upon his second term of office) and March 1909 (when he was about to hand over the White House to his successor, William Howard Taft). These were the years of Roosevelt's full glory. President in his own right, he could probably have had a third term for the asking, had it not been for his genuine scruples over the abuse of power. As it was, Taft was his nominee. Roosevelt was by far the most important figure in American political life; indeed, he was prominent on the world stage. Under his reign, the United States were administering the Philippines, constructing the Panama Canal, acquiring a modern navy, assisting Russia and Japan to come to terms. Though his domestic record was less dazzling, he kept himself busy with railroad legislation, currency problems, anti-trust skirmishes, and so on. With all this, he still found some time for his family and friends, and for his various hobbies and obsessions. Professor Elting E. Morison and his associates have edited these volumes with the utmost skill, wit, and good sense, so that even the footnotes are often a pleasure to read. The introduction and appendices, and the index, are first-rate.

Scotland's Promising Dramatists

By IVOR BROWN

THERE are two policies available for a small and defeated nation. One is to turn in upon itself: it can fight hard, as the Welsh have done, to retain its language, its music and songs, its form of belief and its way of domestic life. The other is to go out and beat the conqueror at his own game. It cannot,

of course, achieve a material victory in a show of force. That issue has been settled by the big battalions. But it can say to the great nation, which overshadows it, 'We can write your own language as well as and perhaps better than you can. We can penetrate your country and your capital with our brains, though we could not do it with our armies. We can compel you to pay tribute to us—in rewards of skill as well as in estimation'. This second course of action was the one taken by the ancient Greeks, who imposed on the massive force of Rome so much of what arts and graces Rome achieved. The Roman comedy of Plautus and Terence was really a Grecian import and the Roman poets drew lavishly on Greek originals. Greece had ceased to be a power: but it remained an inspiration.

When Scotland was defeated politically by the intrigues that made the Act of Union and then, a little later, on the field of battle at Culloden, it had these two courses before it. It could take its talents to the alien market or it could cultivate its own garden: it did both and still does. It could attempt to write English better than the English; it could develop, for a much smaller audience and with far less reward, its own Scottishness.

The theatrical traditions of Scotland are scanty, but what there are bear out my point. The Edinburgh Festivals have shown us fine examples of that tradition. The Scottish drama begins as essentially native. That huge and majestic attack on pomp and circumstance in Church and state, 'The Three Estates', which Robert Kemp trimmed so well and Tyrone Guthrie directed with such grand flamboyance, is the voice of a Radical aristocrat and of a fervid Scot. There was no question of Sir David Lindsay writing with one eye on London. He poured out his laughter and his anger for his own people.

But, when we move onward in the centuries, we begin to notice the change. Edinburgh showed us Alan Ramsay's pastoral, 'The Gentle Shepherd', an early eighteenth-century piece. It was written in Scots. Later on came Home's 'Douglas', written

after the defeat of Scotland. It is modelled on the kind of English tragedy in blank verse that Shakespeare had perfected and in which Georgian London liked to see its star-actors show their brilliance. It was characteristic that on the first night in Edinburgh in 1757, the legendary man in the gallery shouted in his joy, 'Where's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?' Scotland, he thought, was beating England at its own game. The dramatist, like the Edinburgh philosophers, was going out into the large world, as the Greeks did who gave lessons to Rome. 'Douglas' has been derided, but it sprang to a surprisingly fine life at Edinburgh in 1950, thanks to the great performance of an Anglo-Welsh actor, Sir Lewis Casson, and of an English actress, Dame Sybil Thorndike. At the finish I wanted to cry out 'Whaur's your Mrs. Siddons noo?' but Home's other plays fizzled out. And just after this a Scottish poet, Robert Burns, went in the opposite way. He captured the now partially Anglicised capital of Scotland by writing in Scots, of Scots, for Scots.

I have to jump right from that to recent and present times. And here we find both tendencies at work and sometimes the same man following both policies at once. James Barrie had begun by writing about his own Angus: he went to London and conquered it completely. He did not quite forget Scotland and the first act of 'What Every Woman Knows' is a perfect piece of Scottish comedy. But he fell in love with fairyland. 'Mary Rose' is more about fairyland than the Hebrides, and 'Peter Pan' is as much of Kensington and Eton as it is of fancy free. 'The Admirable Crichton' and 'Dear Brutus' were technically excellent. Barrie's cunning hand was the envy of all London writers. In pleasing the general public he was their teacher, the Scottish dominie triumphant in Shaftesbury Avenue.

He knew, I suppose, that the English are interested in Scotland only when it is shown as romantic and picturesque or quaint and even absurd. Sir Harry Lauder delighted and conquered not only England but the world by adding to a magnetic personality his preposterous tartans and a curly cromach. He entranced the English with his amorous Jocks, his cuddlers in the heather, his 'Safest of the Family' gumpies. The English adored Graham Moffat's 'Bunty Pulls the Strings', with its portrayal of the Victorian Scots as decorative



Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson in 'Douglas', at the Edinburgh Festival, 1950



Scene from the ballad opera 'The Highland Fair', at the Edinburgh Festival, 1952

imbeciles. There could be no Scottish drama of any value on these patronising terms. And when Alfred Wareing came from England to direct Scotland's first venture in serious repertory the plays of importance in his Glasgow venture were by the Irish Shaw, the Ulster Ervine, the Russian Chekhov, and the English authors of the Shavian School, Galsworthy, Barker, and so on. There were plays of native authorship, by Neil Munro, J. J. Bell, and others. They did not survive. But something had happened. James Bridie had been in the audience: a Scottish fire was being kindled.

The Work of James Bridie

It began with John Brandane and the Scottish National Players. Brandane's 'The Glen is Mine' was a symbolic title. The glen was to be Scotland's again, and not a Barrie fairyland or a spooning ground for roamers in the gloaming. It was not at all, and never will be, easy to make an authentic Scottish drama; the market is so small. Plays are expensive to produce and so need a plentiful audience. A dramatist must live, and the royalties he can earn in his country are pitifully small. James Bridie succeeded because he combined a noble kind of pertinacity with a rich, far-ranging mind. He was also immensely prolific. In a little over twenty years he wrote more than forty plays, most of them full-length plays. He took both courses at once. He wrote of Scotland Scottishly. 'The Sleeping Clergyman', which I think his largest creation, discussed a universal problem, the curious emergence of genius, in terms of Scottish medical life. But his best-sellers have, I suppose, been 'Daphne Laureola', which was set in Soho and Hampstead, and his charming excursions into the Biblical, or apocryphal, Middle East, such as 'Tobias and The Angel'. Like Barrie he could rival the English at their own game. Unlike Barrie, he stayed in Scotland and poured his energy into founding a Scottish theatre, the Citizens' Theatre of Glasgow. For he knew that the drama is not just the writing of scripts. It must have its home: it must have its players. He and his colleagues built the home and found a team which can stand up to any international competition at the Edinburgh Festival. Our debt to him is beyond measure.

So it has grown and spread. Like the Lallans poets, there are the Lallans playwrights. Robert MacLellan is faithful to native themes and Scottish speech. Therefore he denies himself the larger profits due to his powers. Bridie said of him: 'He has the sights and sounds of the theatre at his finger-ends'. 'Jamie the Saxt' is not going to fade away. Another who is determined to be native in subject and language is Alexander Reid. He draws, with gaiety, on the ballads and the Borders. Both in 'The Lass wi' the Muckle Mou' and 'The World's Wonder' he has mixed fancy with high spirits, dissipating once again the myth of the grim, prosaic Scot. He, like his Scottish magician in 'The World's Wonder', is out

Tae brak the shakles on imagination!
Confoond the dominies and upset the laws!
Burn up the systems in amazement's fire,
Skail aw the schools and set young fancies free!

But he is not holding Scotland up as a quaint target for English laughter.

Robert Kemp is another who sticks to the Scottish theme. He is prolific and versatile. He has served Dunfermline's share of the Edinburgh Festival with a view of Robert Bruce in 'The King of Scots' as well as adapting for modern use 'The Three Estates' and the ballad opera of 'The Highland Fair'. He has based a neat piece on Burns and his Clarinda episode, and this had an English success when televised. And his latest Scottish comedy of a Press Lord returning to the Western Isles was one of the Glasgow Citizens' happy productions of new work. Bridie, while commending him, added that he was 'too fluent'. What harm in that? Who more fluent than Bridie and, also, William Shakespeare?

Of those less pinned to the Scottish scene there are Eric Linklater, William Douglas Home, and Roger MacDougall. All three have had London successes with plays not essentially, or even mainly, Scottish. Linklater is a widely travelled man who keeps his roots in the far north. He has the dramatist's equipment in a great relish for life in all its phases, a delighted sense of comedy, and a magnificent use of words. But he is not a dedicated or a specialised playwright. Probably fiction and the filming of fiction mean more to him than does the stage. Scotland was the scene, but not the theme, of 'The Atom Doctor', an adaptation to modern Edinburgh of Ben Jonson's roaring farce, 'The Alchemist'. Given at the Edinburgh Festival of 1950, such levity pained the austere ones who think that a festival should never be

anything so common as festive. It was later tried in London, but failed. The cause, in my opinion, was bad casting.

The Scottish drama, like certain wines, does not travel easily, even though the native language used be not so difficult as to harass foreign listeners. Bridie had the knack of making truly Scottish plays understood across the Border. But in 'Mr. Bolfry', 'Dr. Angelus', and 'Mr. Gillie' he had Alistair Sim, now England's darling, on his side. 'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give'. Perhaps; but the actors turn the scale, and the Scottish dramatist needs his perfect interpreter, his Sim, his Duncan Macrae, his Mollie Urquhart. Linklater was more successful with 'Love in Albania', wherein he wrote a grand role for the impersonator of an American G.I. which was grandly played by Peter Ustinov. That was a victory for the United Nations rather than for Scotland.

William Douglas Home, who has been an actor as well as a dramatist, knows the ropes. As a member of the famous Border family he has taken Flodden Field for one of his subjects. 'The Thistle and the Rose' was tried in London in 1951, but not well enough staged and it was a defeat, an unjust defeat, for Scotland. I hope his happier experiences with English light comedy will not keep him altogether away from home. 'The Chiltern Hundreds' was a light piece which well earned its success, but I hope he will not always prefer the Chilterns to his own Cheviots.

Roger MacDougall, of Bearsden Academy and Glasgow University, has come to the top very rapidly. With 'Escapade' he rivals Graham Greene for the choice of London's best play of this year. His own Scottish play 'MacAdam and Eve' was not so fortunate, though it was full of substance. MacDougall is Bridie's follower, I do not say his successor, in mixing general ideas with telling situations, and he is accused of preaching by those who want their plays to be merely playful. 'Escapade' is a gay and fanciful exposition of the idea that the youngest may have a lot to teach the oldest in the conduct of world affairs. His mastery of sheer entertainment he proved in 'To Dorothy—A Son'. But his touch is political as well as comic. His home is in London and it is possible that he will continue to prosper as an Anglo-Scottish writer, not a Scottish one. Meanwhile, the Scots who are resolutely Scottish in residence and subject matter continue to turn out new work and the Scottish repertories give them a fair show, with support from the Scottish Arts Council but often with insufficient support from the Scottish public. So there is a Scottish drama, professional as well as amateur. And there was nothing like this at the beginning of the century. We can nourish our hopes. Where the sparks abound the fire will surely burn.—*Scottish Home Service*

The Scythe

Custom shall not restore
The scythe to its old place,
Not with the selfsame hand,
Nor leave a single trace
Outside the greenhouse door
Of him who owned this land.

Yet when I look I see
A stooping figure pass
With his low-handled barrow
Trundling a load of grass
Where now the abounding tree
Has lost his flashing shadow.

Within that gloom the bough
Inclines Zacchaeus' keys
Not ready yet to fall.
Lift the scythe's edge to please
His testing hand who now
Remains beyond recall,

Leaning above his blade
Near the long-shadowed sheaves,
Guarded by that true stone
Under the Summer leaves
On which an edge is made
When the last light is gone.

—VERNON WATKINS

A Portrait of Western Man

By LIONEL TRILLING

IN a college textbook of ethics, now nearly half a century old, there occurs a passage that has always seemed to me to be notable for saying a thing about the nature of the moral life which has a degree of immediacy and intimacy not often to be found in ethical theory. Its author is John Dewey. In this passage Dewey is saying that when we make a moral decision we do not make it by referring to moral principles or maxims, but, rather, by referring to something more personal, to an image of ourselves that we want to realise. A moral dilemma, Dewey says, first presents itself to us as the question of what we ought to do, but inevitably it transforms itself into the question of what we want to be. What we really decide is 'what sort of character is most highly prized and shall be given supremacy'.

Making a Moral Choice

I can imagine that to some people this will seem all too loose, all too pragmatic, all too personal a way of making a moral choice. Yet this, surely, is the way that moral choices are actually made. In one degree or another, they have always been made so. That is why Homer meant so much to the Greeks: the 'Iliad' was central to their lives not merely as a work of art but as a school of morals, a compendium of 'characters' to be most highly prized. That is why, up through the nineteenth century, Plutarch meant so much to all of Europe: he was the grand repository of models of conduct, of ways of being. But probably never before has the manner of moral choice which Dewey describes been so prevalent as in our own day, or at least so available to our consciousness. The life of culture, as we live it, may be thought of as the effort, by one party or another, to make one kind of person or self or character attractive and desirable, and to make all others seem contemptible. Principles are, to be sure, most certainly involved and invoked in this cultural struggle. But principles are secondary to the quality of being of the kind of selfhood, or personality, that is at issue in culture as we know it. All societies, as I have implied, translate what one *does* into what one *is*. But I think it will consort with the facts to say that in modern times there have seemed to be more forms of being to choose among, and many more people who have felt free to make the choice, and the strong sense that the choice is more problematical than it has ever been before. For good or bad, a concern with the quality of being, with personality, is the active, moving principle of life today, not merely in the west but all over the world. The power of that principle is indeed so great with us that it gives the terms in which we must understand not only culture but politics.

This being so, there ought to be a certain interest, and even a certain usefulness, in considering the development of the idea of personality over, say, the last century and a half. That can be most easily done by consulting the novelists, for the novel, I conceive, is the form of art which came into existence in response to our particular heightened sense of personality. I should like to consider three novelists whom I have grown accustomed to think of as natural compeers and companions, and as having, when regarded together, an even greater interest than when they are thought of separately, but who, I can well understand, might seem to you to make a company that is merely quaint in its ill assortment. Jane Austen, Charles Dickens, D. H. Lawrence—except for their nationality, and their devotion to the idea and practice of the novel, and their greatness, what is it that they can be thought to have in common? Nothing could be more divergent than the personal legends that have developed around each of them, attracting readers who are not only passionate in their devotion but jealous in their passion; each group of devotees thinks of the others as a different order of being, beyond the possibility of communication. Yet they may be understood as having in common nothing less than an essential subject.

But before we undertake to trace some of the mutations of modern personality through our three novelists, I should like to turn to a philosopher, to Hegel, for the more precise definition of our subject. One of the most interesting and characteristic of Hegel's ideas is that of the development of self-consciousness, of the spirit's growing awareness of its own nature and processes. We might say of Hegel's great,

elaborate scheme of history that it is designed to account for a single characteristic of modern man, his self-consciousness, and what Hegel believed to be implied and achieved by this, his freedom. Hegel believed that spirit, what he calls *Geist*, by which he means not only mind but mind and will together, has all through its career been making toward that condition of itself in which it would know what it was up to, in which it could define its proper aim according to its knowledge of its nature. This is what Hegel meant by freedom. And Hegel's freedom is much like Milton's: self-consciousness for Hegel, like knowledge for Milton, is the *felix culpa*, the fortunate sin; it brings freedom which is paid for by suffering. As Hegel says, 'Spirit is at war with itself', and no conflict is more terrible.

The idea of the development of spirit's consciousness of itself yields for Hegel another idea which is most useful in our understanding of modern man. This is the idea of personality. What Hegel meant by personality can best be understood through his distinction between personality on the one hand and character on the other. Character has reference to a man's acts as they are judged by the prevailing moral code. Personality refers to the manner in which these acts are performed. The idea of personality is not exclusively modern—I suppose that the Gospel story of Mary and Martha has something to say about the difference between character and personality—yet the conscious emphasis put on personality is indeed a modern thing. We learn something about its nature from the importance which Hegel gives to art, for art is that activity of man in which spirit expresses itself not as utility, not only as morality, not only according to law, but as grace, as transcendence, as manner, as style.

One more idea of Hegel's, and I shall have done with philosophy. This is his representation of the relation of spirit to matter, his dramatic sense of the material conditions of spirit, of the career of spirit among things. Spirit lives its life among things and is conditioned by them. When Karl Marx said that he had stood Hegel's dialectic on its head to contrive his own, he meant that he gave primacy to things where Hegel had given an undue and sterile primacy to spirit. It may be my ignorance speaking, but I believe that Hegel did nothing of the kind, that the only primacy he gave to spirit above things was a primacy of interest. The necessary relation of spirit to things is implicit in Hegel's definition of spirit—for, as I have said, spirit, *Geist*, does not mean mind only, but mind and will, mind and passion; and will and passion relate to the world of objects. At this point, as we note the integral relation between spirit and things, we must take cognizance of the new faculty which Hegel attributed to man in his modern development, the faculty which he called *Gemüt*, which is usually translated as 'heart'. Hegel defines *Gemütlichkeit* as a desire, a will, which has 'no particular aims, such as riches, honours, and the like; in fact, it does not concern itself with any worldly condition of wealth, prestige, etc., but with the entire condition of the soul—a general sense of enjoyment'. Wordsworth has a striking phrase for this—he speaks of 'sentiment of being'.

Aim of the Novel

From what I have said about Hegel, you will see that it is but a step from these ideas of his to the novel considered in its ideality. The novel, we may say, is the art form evolved to deal with self-consciousness; and with personality as distinguished from character; and with things; and with spirit as it is conditioned by things—the novel has, as its peculiar work, to make things, conditions, real to us, so that we may realise the involvement of spirit in things. And the novel seeks always to draw spirit beyond the reach of things, to lead it to stand, as the old phrase has it, naked before its God.

I shall now suppose modernity to begin with Jane Austen. It is a common notion about Jane Austen that she is specifically not modern, that her interest depends on her representation of a society which is not ours, a society more secure and more gracious than ours. In some ways this is true and D. H. Lawrence could look back to Jane Austen's time with nostalgia because, as he says, it had 'living thoughts to unfold

and pure happiness in unfolding them as we have not'. I shall not deny Jane Austen's time its peculiar charms and virtues as long as I do not have to believe it was all a dream of white muslin gowns, as long as I do not have to believe it has no connection with our own time, which Lawrence, in the passage I have quoted from, characterises by its 'sordidness and foul mechanicalness'. What connects it with our time is the elaborate drama of self-consciousness which Jane Austen set forth in all her six novels—the drama of spirit at war with itself.

Jane Austen's Irony

To understand this is to begin to understand that famous irony of hers. The common notion of Jane Austen's irony is that it speaks on behalf of society seen in its aspect of the Great Mother, who cannot allow her children's newfangled fine feelings to interrupt her as she superintends the sweeping of the floor and the brewing of the beer and the baking of the bread and the making of the beds, and is concerned with the propriety of houses and the importance of money and manners—with things and not with spirit, with sense and not with sensibility. This is far too simple a view of Jane Austen's irony; it is far too pretty a view. Jane Austen's irony is not the familiar limited irony of the knowing eye cocked at the foolishness of any aspiration that takes us beyond the conventional life. It is the divine irony that contemplates antinomies, those impulses of the human spirit that are irreconcilable with each other, yet equal in force and legitimacy, such as the love of danger and the love of safety, the need for passion and the need for peace, the desire for things and the desire for entire freedom.

Even Jane Austen's juvenile satires, her burlesques of the novels of her day, those impossible novels of terror and sensibility, cannot be understood by the customary notion of her irony. These novels were, we may say, the crude statement of spirit striving for the realisation of its own being. Jane Austen's mockery of them must be seen not as a mere denial of the claims which they make for the primacy and autonomy of spirit, but rather as an affirmation of the actuality of the world in which spirit strives, or the actuality of conditions of things, of the past, of society. She thus completes and makes real the impulse of idealisation. Her irony is the homage which spirit pays to matter, to its own past, and to its own ideal nature, all at the same time.

Then the first intention of *Sense and Sensibility* is to show how wrong sensibility is—how wrong it is to see the world as the field of one's ego, to make morality conscious and emotion a duty, to be at every moment aware of one's existence as a person, as a personality: how unfortunate Marianne Dashwood is in her sensibility, how the piano and the portfolio of drawings, and the volumes of poetry, and the raffiné taste for the wilder aspects of nature lead to heedless conduct, to danger, almost to death. But when propriety and tradition have had all their due, when we have been shown how sensibility leads to misinterpretation, heartbreak, and pneumonia, we are perfectly aware that we are to regard poor Marianne with love and admiration, and the sense that she is the champion of the human spirit, that she embodies the great new quality of *Gemüt*. We are not, of course, to admire her at the expense of her sister Elinor—indeed, it is essential to the justification of Marianne that we should hold the balance level between the two sisters, that the attraction of tradition and good sense should be as certain for us as those of sensibility. For Elinor, in her character as the representative of tradition, nurtures the future, and adores it, and grieves for its wild fate, and affirms its rightness.

Sense and Sensibility gives us in the clearest terms the great cultural situation to which Jane Austen responded all her life. By a cultural situation I mean some change in the habits of society which has its effect in the very deepest places of the heart. How very profound was the effect upon Jane Austen of the cultural situation with which she dealt is demonstrated by *Mansfield Park*. Of all Jane Austen's works, *Mansfield Park* is the one least liked and admired, but the very elements that alienate us from it permit us to read it as the most personal of her works, and the most touching, for it may be read as the novel which gives expression to the author's fatigue and despair. It is the one novel of Jane Austen's in which the famous irony is not at work.

A way of describing *Mansfield Park* is to say that it is almost the opposite of *Pride and Prejudice*: almost every virtue of freedom, vivacity, and consciousness that is celebrated in *Pride and Prejudice* is condemned in *Mansfield Park*. Mary Crawford of *Mansfield Park* is in every detail of temperament the counterpart of Elizabeth Bennet, the perfection of whose qualities needs no proof, yet Mary Crawford, after having been allowed to charm us, is entirely condemned and

shown to be in all respects inferior to the all-too-virtuous Fanny Price, whose very debility of physique is made the sign of her virtue as against Mary Crawford's quick, happy, physical competence. *Pride and Prejudice* is militantly anti-snob. It sides with the young against the old. It is anti-religious in its implications, or at least anti-Church. It mocks character to affirm personality. But within the close confines of *Mansfield Park* Jane Austen marshals every defence of the old way of life against the new: the country against the city—for it is the society of the city that has corrupted Mary Crawford; the gentry against the lower middle class—for Fanny Price is harrowed and shamed by her Portsmouth family and its bad manners; the old aristocratic bluntness and simplicity of feeling against a new lightness and cleverness; the Church and the moral law and character against personality and art.

No other book can tell us more specifically how the modern world as we know it began to come into being than this novel in which Jane Austen seems to be making the sacrifice of all the qualities of spirit that we most admire in her. This sacrifice should put us on notice that something momentous of a personal kind is going on here, that we have to be aware of the personal thing that Jane Austen seems to be saying—which is that she has known and experienced the great new freedom, she has known what it is to be a personality. And she is worn and fatigued by it, she is afraid of it; she does not want it—no, she does not. What she wants is to live by the law, to be a character and not a personality. Not a personality: for how else do we account for the heroine's persistent explicit defence of the Church conceived of as moral law, which is so strikingly reinforced by the condemnation of the amateur theatricals that play so important and so preposterous a part in the story—preposterous, we say, because art is one of our pieties and we dare not give the least credence to Plato's view, which in essence is Jane Austen's view in *Mansfield Park*, that for people of a certain dignity and responsibility to assume roles, to abrogate their true characters even momentarily, is to confuse their characters, to weaken character and warp it in the direction of personality.

Mansfield Park records the end of a traditional society, an event which creates the peculiar problem of the modern novelist: how one is to judge people. A person in a traditional society is easy to judge: we look for such qualities as strength, courage, loyalty, each of a kind appropriate to the person's station in life, which is in itself a most important criterion. But as soon as these judgments are no longer adequate to the case, the form of judgment which is available to a sensitive mind is marked by a degree of discriminatory fineness which is downright metaphysical. We are in a world of relative freedom in matters of social class; a world, too, which gives a considerable degree of recognition to the new prestige of personality and sensibility. This is a social world which is put to the necessity of being in a perpetual state of judgment and discrimination as it seeks to accommodate the new elements that present themselves for admission. One of Jane Austen's chief preoccupations is with the qualities that properly permit new people to enter good society. That they should enter she is sure, and on the whole her requirements are fair and decent, but how fine and superfine her judgments become!

Sincerity and Vulgarly

Consider that Jane Austen is the first major novelist to introduce in a way wholly intelligible to us the category of sincerity and the category of vulgarity. People of a time before hers would have made nothing of that word 'sincerity'. They would have supposed that it had something to do with hypocrisy, which is of course not the case. In *Emma* the heroine is clearly not a hypocrite, but the great question about Emma Woodhouse is in how far she is sincere. Obviously she is not as sincere as Jane Fairfax. What does that mean? It means, I think, that her acts do not spring from the deep necessity of her nature; it means also that her acts do not involve her in genuine risks. Lack of sincerity is, we might say, the maintenance of a personality at too small a cost; it is an inadequate sense of the responsibility which having a personality entails. And the question of how we ought to respond to a person who manifests this deficiency, of how much of our affection we ought to give to the delightful Emma Woodhouse, whose sincerity or truth or depth of feeling we doubt, is so important to our modern sense of ourselves that the novel in which it is presented can seem to us, despite the smallness of its scene, despite the apparent smallness of its events, one of the very greatest novels ever written.

As for vulgarity in the sense that Jane Austen conceives of it, a person of an earlier time would scarcely know how to begin to take her meaning. No dictionary adequately tells us all that we mean by

vulgarity. What Jane Austen seems to mean by it suggests that vulgarity occurs when a claim of personal prestige is made by a person who lacks sensibility. In Jane Austen's novels it is not wrong to have social aspirations, but it is wrong to have them without what sensibility supplies, a sufficient awareness of oneself and others.

What I have been trying to suggest in speaking of Jane Austen is the degree of complexity which now marks the moral life. Her novels all tell us how very difficult it is to answer the questions which John Dewey said, in the passage I have referred to, are put to us by moral situations—'What shall the agent be?' 'What sort of character shall he assume?' Those questions are made the more difficult by our assumption that we cannot look to society for help in answering them. As often as not, a truly moral decision contradicts what society tells us to do. Despite all opinion to the contrary, Jane Austen was conscious of, or unconsciously aware of, not a good society but a bad one, a predominately vulgar society, which was, nevertheless, the field in which spirit discovered and developed its own nature. 'It is in the world', says Hegel, 'it is in society, that spirit is to be realised'. Yet just because this is so, there comes a moment when spirit looks at the social world and is repelled by it, is overcome by fatigue and disgust.

Dickens' Symbols of the Social Life

It is well known how deep and intense was that moment of fatigue and disgust in Charles Dickens' life. The moment came to him when he could represent society by no other images than those of revulsion—the bursting graves of *Bleak House*, the dust heaps and the befouled river of *Our Mutual Friend*, the prisons of *Little Dorrit*, become his symbols of the social life. In such a world the question of what to be, of what selfhood to choose, becomes virtually impossible to answer. It had not always been so with Dickens. He always knew, of course, how great was the pain of life in society, and how revolting were the lies of society, yet his early works always said that much could be done by benevolence and energy. At that time in his life Dickens did not find it hard to know what he wanted to be, what character he wanted to assume. It was the character of a gentleman.

The gentleman, in the nineteenth century, is a peculiarly English conception. It was certainly not unknown on the continent, yet when Alfred de Vigny sought to organise his spiritual life in some realised ideal of conduct, it was the English gentleman that he chose as his pattern. As we look back at it now, it may seem that the ideal of the gentleman was in many ways socially restrictive, but its intention was to be permissive, to propose a principle of equality which was relatively large. It did indeed make reference to rank and to family, but it greatly modified the force of these old ideas. And it greatly modified the old restrictions of profession and vocation: Jane Austen is very firm that Mr. Gardiner of *Pride and Prejudice* is a true gentleman despite his being in trade in London. Indeed, it is her uncle Mr. Gardiner, rather than her father, who Elizabeth Bennet is proud of as perfectly the equal of Mr. Darcy, although her father is a gentleman born and quite untainted by trade. Her unexpressed reason for this is important—Mr. Gardiner does his duty and Mr. Bennet does not. Jane Austen's image of the gentleman involves what Vigny, wanted from the ideal, the unquestioned imperative of duty—and in this connection we cannot fail to observe how Vigny's special admiration for Admiral Collingwood consorts with Jane Austen's special feeling about the moral tone of the officers of the Navy. When a man chooses to assume the character of a gentleman he has answered once for all the questions of moral choice—they are no longer questions for him. That is why, in Jane Austen's novels, gentlemen are the centres of quiet in the storms of sensibility and personality which the women stir up. They are in communication with the older, traditional time, and they are forever exempt from moral uncertainty, and, indeed, from moral investigation—considerations of vulgarity and sincerity cannot touch them.

It is well known how much being a gentleman meant to Dickens. No doubt it meant too much. Novelists as a group have had, it seems to me, an affinity with the ideal of the gentleman which is possibly too great, and Dickens' feelings about being a gentleman were excessive even for a novelist, and to those feelings we can trace the imperiousness, even vindictiveness, that marked his personal character. Yet what being a gentleman meant to Dickens is made clear in all its touching simplicity in *David Copperfield* and it meant nothing ignoble. When he was put to work at the age of ten, David lost, he says the 'hope of being a learned and distinguished man'. Being a gentleman meant to Dickens the freedom to realise his spirit, to develop, as we say, his personality.

But at a certain point in his life, Dickens' feelings about the gentleman changed radically. The change occurs in *Little Dorrit*, one of the most brilliant and terrible of Dickens' works. We must suppose of Arthur Clennam, the hero of *Little Dorrit*, that he is a surrogate of the author. A man on the threshold of middle age he feels that his life has come to nothing, that his will is broken. This may seem a strange surrogate for Dickens to have chosen at the height of his power and fame, but a reading of Dickens' letters at this time will show that the sad, muted Clennam is perfectly appropriate to his creator's expressed sense of himself. In these letters Dickens speaks most movingly of his frustration, of his belief that he had never won sufficient love, of the fatigue of that potent and insatiable will of his. What is interesting for us about Clennam is simply this: he is a first instance of that elaborate imagination of the gentleman in defeat which has played so notable a part in British fiction. I have suggested that there was something archaic about the gentleman as Jane Austen represented him and, indeed, as he was conceived of by the whole culture; it was in part to this archaic traditional quality that Vigny responded. But now the gentleman is seen not merely as attractively archaic but as anachronistic—he is, in the extreme meaning of the phrase, a thing of the past. Clennam, in his masochistic morality, in his sense of honour which holds it the first of duties to destroy oneself, is the ancestor of the dreadful, self-immolating Christopher Tietjens of Ford Madox Ford's series of novels, and of the almost equally tiresome Scobie of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*, both of whom, like Clennam, submit themselves to martyrdom at the hands of a culture they cannot countenance. The gentleman has become a man who cannot defend himself, who fulfils himself only in passivity. A social ideal has declared itself bankrupt.

But Dickens' dealings with the idea of the gentleman in *Little Dorrit* are by no means comprised by the figure of Arthur Clennam. We observe of the villainous adventurer Blandois that he, too, is a gentleman—he is perfectly insane on the subject of being a gentleman according to his conception of the word. That he should be respected, deferred to, waited upon: such is the mania of this sinister person. His swindles and plots, which have it as their object to gain money, are rational and human when compared with his expressed sense of himself as a person whose mere quality of being entitles him to place and glory. He is what is left of the ideal of the gentleman when its moral force dies: he is mere mad appetite for status. What with his shabby elegance and politeness, what with his perfectly gratuitous malice, his delight in destruction for its own sake—he is at one point shown breaking, systematically and for no apparent reason, all the ornaments of his landlady's parlour—he is clearly intended by Dickens to suggest the Devil himself. The Devil, as King Lear said, is a gentleman.

Self-pity and Gentility

The ideal of gentility is endemic in *Little Dorrit*; it is, we might say, obsessive. And wherever it appears it is accompanied by self-pity. It is as if Dickens were projecting upon society all the pathos of his intense self-pitying concern with his own gentility, and saying with a deep, self-lacerating bitterness that he does not now judge it as he once did, that he does not judge it to be harmless and justified. Blandois is the sum and abstract of a society gone diabolically mad with self-pity and the lust for gentility, for status. Mr. Dorrit and Fanny Dorrit; Henry Gowan and his mother; Miss Wide and Tattycoram—with the exception of the last-named, who is redeemed—Dickens contrives for all of them that they shall expose themselves in what seems the most modern and most contemptible of sins. Yet as we are aware of this massive condemnation of a personal sin for which the individual must bear personal responsibility, we are no less aware that *Little Dorrit* is the most intense and embittered attack on the institutions of society that Dickens ever made—it is the novel in which the social world is symbolised by a prison, in which the state is represented by the Circumlocution Office, whose function is to find all the possible ways How Not To Do It. The conjunction of these two judgments, the personal and the institutional, makes *Little Dorrit* a work of the moral and social imagination which, in point of cogency, is unique in the history of the literature of the later nineteenth century. Yet it is not unique in the object of its perception. What Dickens saw is what Flaubert saw and represented in Emma Bovary and in Frederick Moreau, and what Dostoevsky saw and represented in the character-type he called 'the underground man'.

The problem, again, is one of being, of the kind of person one

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NEWS DIARY

June 4-9

Thursday, June 4

Korean truce talks resumed

Biggest atomic bomb exploded in Nevada Desert, in the United States

General Sir George Erskine leaves London for Kenya to take up his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of new East Africa Command

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drive through north-west London

Friday, June 5

Commonwealth Prime Ministers discuss Middle East problems

General Chuikov, head of Soviet Control Commission in Berlin, recalled to Moscow

Mr. Eden flies to the United States to undergo a third operation

Saturday, June 6

President Syngman Rhee says that United Nations truce proposals are not acceptable to his Government

President Auriol invites M. Bidault to try to form a new government

Field-Marshal Montgomery attends ceremony in Normandy commemorating ninth anniversary of D-Day

Sunday, June 7

Truce delegates meet at Panmunjom; agreement reported to be near

President Eisenhower informs President Syngman Rhee that the United States will be prepared to negotiate a mutual defence treaty with the Republic of Korea when an armistice has been concluded

Voting takes place in General Election in Italy

Colonel Hunt and Mr. Edmund Hillary of the Everest expedition to be knighted

Monday, June 8

Agreement signed at Panmunjom on exchange of prisoners-of-war after an armistice

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drive through south-east London

Kenya Government proscribes Kenya African Union as an unlawful society

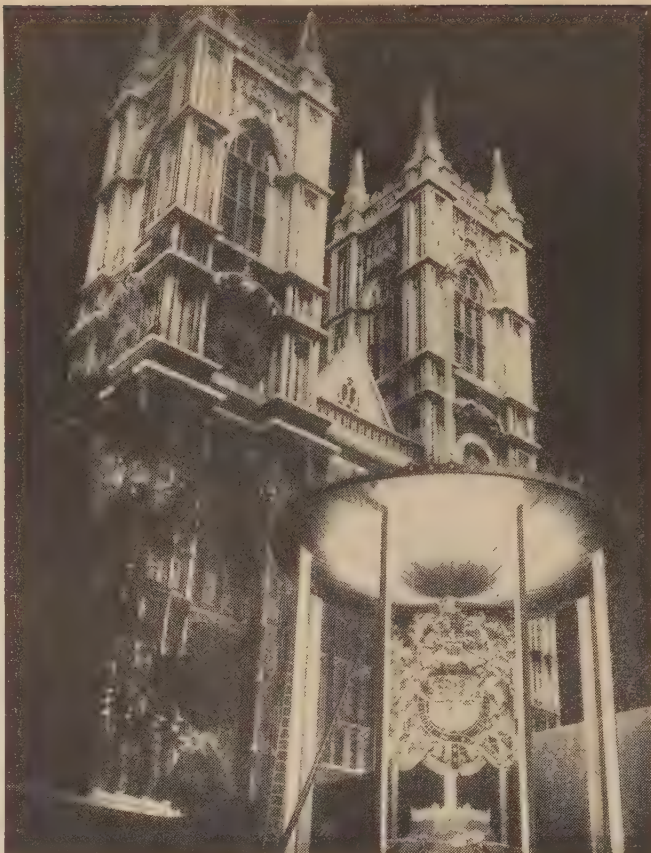
Soviet authorities decide to lift travel controls in Austria between the eastern and western zones

Tuesday, June 9

The Queen attends Coronation thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral

Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference ends with an economic discussion

Commons reassemble



Westminster Abbey by floodlight: in the foreground is the royal coat of arms over the entrance used by the Queen on the day of her Coronation. Thousands of visitors have thronged the streets of London every night during the past week to see the illuminations



A scene from 'Gloriana', an opera composed for the Coronation by Benjamin Britten to a libretto by William Plomer, which was performed for the first time at Covent Garden on June 8 in the presence of the Queen

Right: one of three galleries in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, which have been decorated with blooms sent by the flower growers of Holland as a tribute to the Queen



Part of the crowd waiting to enter the Victoria and Albert Museum, which was opened for the public to see the coronation regalia that have passed through



Gordon Richards winning his first Pinza. Aureole, the Queen's horse, won the race by four lengths





June 5, the first day on which it the Coronation. About 9,000 people y each day since



Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II: a photograph taken by Cecil Beaton in the Throne Room of Buckingham Palace after her Coronation



Right: *the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visiting Hackney on June 3, during the first of four drives through London made by them after the Coronation*



Epsom on Saturday on
second, is on the left.



The conquerors of Everest: *Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tensing*, the two members of the British Everest expedition who reached the summit on May 29



Signor de Gasperi, the Italian Prime Minister, speaking on behalf of the Christian Democrat party in Rome, before the General Election on June 7



A statue of Cecil Rhodes outside the Kimberley Diamond pavilion in the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition which opened at Bulawayo on May 30. The exhibition will be formally opened by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother during her tour of Southern Rhodesia in July

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wishes to be. But now the question no longer is, 'What shall I be?' but more desperately, 'How can I be?'—I, who have so much sense of the transcendent importance of my personality, I who have so much sensibility with its many needs, I who, alas, have no genius to justify my existence to attract the social regard without which I do not exist, I whose free intelligence leads me to see through any kind of person whom I might wish to be—how can such as I possibly be at all? Perhaps, comes the answer of Blandois, I can be only by destroying, can know myself only by what I shatter.

The Spirit of Destructiveness

If we look at modern politics and modern literature we cannot but see how the spirit of Blandois has established itself—the spirit, that is, not merely of justified protest, not merely of justified self-pity (there is such a thing) but of self-pity become a principle of gratuitous, as-it-were-creative destructiveness. The Nazis represented the political manifestation of the spirit of Blandois. And in Europe there has been an imposing line of talent, even of genius, which represents the literary manifestation. In France—to take but one national example—it appears in Baudelaire and Rimbaud and becomes more explicit in such writers as Jarry and Lautréamont and Céline. The sadism and *Schadenfreude*, which these men celebrate and exemplify, is usually explained as an oblique moral response to the immorality of society. These are the men, we might say, who have carried Jane Austen's categories of personal judgment to their limit. It is they who speak in the name of sincerity and in hatred of vulgarity, their rage at the loss of sincerity from the world and at the dominance of vulgarity being so great that it can be expressed only by fantasies of sadistic destruction of the most extravagant kind.

I am not one of those who take for granted the essential morality of the writings of these men; I think that the nature and content of an imagination is to be judged as well as its presumed intention. Yet I think that we cannot hold ourselves aloof from, and innocent of, what these men imply. Their rage against life is, in a sense, the rage of our whole culture—for the development of sensibility has been of such a kind, the impulse of ideality has become so strong that nothing can satisfy it. As we consider the political and social unrest of the world today we must perceive that it cannot be understood merely as a response to material conditions which are bad. It must be understood, as I have said, by an awareness of the enormous development of *Geist*, of personality, of self-consciousness, in places and among peoples and classes to which it had never before penetrated. It finds expression not primarily in the demand for material goods, although in that too, but in the demand for *being*, which is most simply conceived as status. Checked and thwarted, it shows itself as hate.

It is one of the striking things about D. H. Lawrence that he is not like the French writers I have mentioned. We expect him to be, but he is not. His passion of hatred is as great as theirs, and so is his willingness to express it. It was not impossible for him to speak in praise of cruelty and violence, even to imagine and admire some of the aspects of nazism (which he would have loathed had he lived to see it rise). Yet the final issue of his genius was not in negation. To be sure, his negation is extreme. No one carried further than he that rejection of the state and of politics toward which sensibility, as we now seem able to see, has all along been driving. Nor was this a merely rational anarchism, it was the expression of his feeling about people. 'My neighbour', he once wrote, 'to me is mean and detestable', and in some part of him he really did mean that he loathed his neighbour. But something had implanted in Lawrence an image of man, or perhaps no more than the idea of an image of man, that haunted him like passion. Some agency of a saving simplicity—perhaps that mother of his, perhaps that father, perhaps the force of the puritanism of the Congregational Church which he so oddly affirmed, perhaps the weight of English respectability, perhaps, indeed, some emanation from the old ideal of the gentleman—made it seem to him not enough to cry out that some former image had been shattered and that he, imageless, would now vent his rage on the conditions that worked the destruction. He had to discover, or contrive, or invent, a new image. He sought the models everywhere: in British miners and aristocrats, in captains of industry, Hungarian noblemen, Italian peasants, Etruscan warriors, and Aztec priests.

Lawrence was, we are sometimes led to feel, the climax of the tragedy of self-consciousness of whose pain Hegel was so fully aware. He hated almost every aspect of the modern self: he hated the Arthur

Clennams, he hated the Blandois, and saw them all about him. I venture to say that he would have understood, in a way, the charm of *Mansfield Park*, for he had a responsiveness to tradition and to images of unmoving peace, but not for long. The Emma Woodhouses he very much disliked. Yet the Marianne Dashwoods he never left off loving—and trusting. He saw the modern sensibility laying traps for him on every side, making a world in which existence was not possible for him. But to a certain mode of that sensibility he responded as he did to the sun, to all that is organic and creative in nature, and the mode is that of Marianne Dashwood. It is she who dominates his last great stories. She is the young heroine of *Saint Mawr*, who leaves English society, and all society, to stand in entire loneliness, in perfect emptiness, before the unkind, unmeaning, yet not unpromising chaos of the universe. And she is the Woman Who Rode Away, who consents by her death, the death of sensibility, to restore the old potency of life. And in Lawrence's last story she lives again as the Priestess of Isis to heal the man risen from death and send him back into life. What Lawrence was saying about sensibility, or consciousness, or ideality—whatever we choose to call it—was that it was death in any of its excesses or deficiencies, but that in its glorious mean, in the real truth of its nature, it is a thing of ultimate grace, our blessing.

This, Lawrence was able to say just before his death, at the close of a painful and glorious modern life. It was right and great in him that he could accept and assent to and bless what had given him so much pain—we feel that it was right because, in the face of the pain and confusion that we too suffer from, our impulse is to do the same.—*Third Programme*

Agriculture of the East

(continued from page 958)

of living of the farming population. It is not surprising that under these conditions, no common pattern for salvation can be found. A large number of landless labourers try to get a holding for themselves. The tenant, though well aware that the reasons for his misery are manifold—poor soils, adverse climatic conditions, excessive rents, high interest, lack of credit and so on—feels that the uneconomic size of his holding is most to blame for it, and would like to get a bigger share of the land. His wish to be a title-holder instead of a tenant is only secondary, being of minor importance.

The land policy of the governments is different. In general their first aim seems to be to break up the big estates and to transform the tenant into an individual title-holder. The trend to liquidate the communal tenure is not quite so distinct, as results—for instance, the creation of strip holdings, fragmentation, and so on—are questionable.

At the same time, an opposite trend is emerging, which can be looked upon as the second stage of development. There were two factors to start it. First, the individual holdings were too small to provide the farmer with a normal income; second, these small holdings cannot be mechanised, as the larger farms can. This seems to induce the new owners themselves to co-operate and leads to a new type of village community replacing the old one. This co-operation deals not only with purely agricultural activities, it includes home industries, the village well system, sewage, social hygiene, welfare, and so on. It is most interesting to observe these opposite trends, first to break up the old village community into small individual land titles and then to form a new type of community which should enable individuals to arrive at a better income and a higher standard of life through co-operation.

But there is a political aspect common to most of these land-reform movements which I feel should be particularly disquieting to the western mind. They all seem to start in exactly the same way as they did in the backward countries of central and eastern Europe, where a small minority of intellectuals—mostly of frustrated middle class—with very little knowledge of the practical realities of rural life and rural reform, and leading a rather insignificant number of the town proletariat, succeeded in harnessing the unsuspecting peasant masses to their aims and rode to political power on their neck. The same danger signs are present in the east. The outcome could, of course, be widely different on account of another outlook on life and a general lack of materialism. Much depends also on the time factor. If the change in farm technique can be hastened and, as a result, the standard of life of the farming community can be improved, there is a chance that the unwanted revolution can be replaced by peaceful evolution.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Origins of 'The Apple Cart'

Sir,—Mr. Hesketh Pearson, that artful skimmer on the surface of things, omits to mention the origin of the interlude in 'The Apple Cart'. If he will read *The Irrational Knot*, a work which, I fear, has escaped his notice, he will find it in the eleventh chapter. The Rev. George Lind, having heard that Connolly's sister, Susanna, is living in sin with his cousin, Marmaduke, goes out to West Kensington to remonstrate with the lady. He fails to have any spiritual effect upon her, and, therefore, decides to leave her in her shame. But Lalage Virtue, as she calls herself on the stage, demurs to this proposal: 'Nonsense', she says, slipping her hand through his arm to detain him. 'Wait and have some lunch'. The parson says this is impossible, but cannot release himself from her hold. Then follows this scene:

'Pray, let me go', pleaded the clergyman piteously, ineffectually struggling with Susanna, who had now got his arm against her breast: 'You must be mad!' he cried, drops of sweat breaking out on his brow as he felt himself being pulled helplessly toward the ottoman. She got her knee on it at last; and he made a desperate effort to free himself.

'Oh, how rough you are!' she exclaimed in her softest voice, adroitly tumbling into the seat as if he had thrown her down, and clinging to his arms; so that it was as much as he could do to keep his feet as he stooped over her, striving to get upright. At which supreme moment the door was opened by Marmaduke, who halted on the threshold to survey the two reproachfully for a moment. Then he said:

'George: I'm astonished at you. I have not much opinion of parsons as a rule; but I really did think that you were to be depended on'.

The Irrational Knot was written in 1880, in which year Mrs. Patrick Campbell was fifteen. She did not begin her professional career until 1888, and it was not until 1893 that she made her sensational success in 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray'. Until that year, she was probably unknown to G.B.S. either on or off the stage. I do not know when they first met, but it is clear from their correspondence, edited by Mr. Alan Dent, that nothing describable as a friendship between them had developed until 1912, in which year she was forty-seven and he was fifty-six. *The Irrational Knot* was published in book form in this country in 1905. Mrs. Campbell may have read it and, remembering the scene between Lalage Virtue and the Rev. George Lind, have impishly tried it on G.B.S. himself when he made it plain to her that her wiles were not strong enough to make him break an engagement with his wife. I do not doubt that a scene such as appears in the interlude in 'The Apple Cart' occurred, for G.B.S. himself told me that it had. It is true that he embroidered incidents to make a good story, and that he sometimes invented an incident for the same reason. But whether he or Mrs. Campbell made the most of the incident set out in the novel is a point that cannot now be settled. It must be sufficient to say that it appeared in *The Irrational Knot* nearly fifty years before 'The Apple Cart' was written.

Yours, etc.,

Seaton

ST. JOHN ERVINE

France's Problem in Indo-China

Sir,—There are certain points in Thomas Cadett's talk on 'France's Problem in Indo-China' which require comment.

(1) Pre-war Indo-China: as in other Asian colonial territories there was a political vacuum and the only focus of activity was the illegal functioning of the Communists. It is not sur-

prising, therefore, or evidence of particular perversity on the part of the inhabitants, that in resistance to Japanese occupation, and in the struggle for national independence, the Communist Party has taken a leading part. Had France (and Britain in Malaya) allowed and encouraged other political activities the recent history of S.E. Asia might be different.

(2) Bao Dai: the Emperor was not 'thrown out' in 1945 but abdicated voluntarily, saying that he would rather be 'a citizen of a free country than king of an enslaved state'. He then became the Supreme Adviser to the new Viet-Nam Republic, the President of which was Ho Chi-minh.

(3) Ho Chi-minh: it seems certain that his support is not exclusively Communist but includes many other groups, including Catholics. Nor is it right to suggest that the continuation of the fighting is due to the Viet-Minh alone. There is evidence that Ho Chi-minh has tried more than once in the past six years to make contact with a view to peace.

The lesson for us from Indo-China is clear. Either the people of S.E. Asia have their independence with western co-operation or with Communist help against the west. But they will have it and the tragic and prolonged transfusion of French blood and American dollars will never be effective in reviving the corpse of colonialism.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

W. H. ALLCHIN

Morocco

Sir,—By turning, in the very first sentence of his letter on Morocco, the issue into a personal one, Lord Kinross compels me to say that only in his imagination and in that of the French Residence am I 'well known as a propagandist for the Nationalists'. I am only an author who has spent many years in studying and writing about the Moroccan problem. If, however, I am a propagandist, I am one in the same sense that François Mauriac has become a nationalist propagandist, together with so many Catholic intellectuals in France who, having, at last, realised the extent to which the Protectorate regime is based on injustice, lies, and provocation, have placed themselves in the fore-front of 'nationalist propagandists'. Or has Lord Kinross never heard of the important contribution of Mauriac, the *Centre Catholique des Intellectuels Français*, and the *Témoignage Chrétien* towards a solution of the Moroccan dilemma?

My figures of imprisoned Moroccans were not based on Istiqlal figures but on those arrived at by the independent observers of *Témoignage Chrétien*, and the revealing series of articles in *Le Figaro*.

Lord Kinross must not assume that everyone anxious to find the truth about Moroccan events is a 'nationalist propagandist'. Profound Christian and moral principles are involved in the Moroccan drama. That is why the elite of French Catholics has taken up the fight against the vested interests of the *colons*, their protectors in the Administration, and the North African Lobby in Paris.

Lord Kinross implies that the nationalists wish to dispense with 'French aid'. Nothing could be further from the truth. Again and again they have stated that they wish to retain French experts, safeguard all legitimate French interests, and sign a treaty of alliance with France. But they have no wish to go on being shoeblacks and bottlewashers in their own country.

Lord Kinross complains that he has never been shown a constructive plan by the Moroc-

cans. I have no idea who his nationalist spokesmen were. But in my files there has been for several years a complete plan for the future Constitution of an independent Morocco, prepared by the Moroccans themselves.

Yours, etc.,

Barnstaple

ROM LANDAU

Hellenism and the Modern World

Sir,—Mr. Skuse has strangely misunderstood me if he imagines that in 'the helping of man by man' I implied some political dogma. If St. James considered that 'pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widowed in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted of the world' am I so wrong in taking the Hellenistic motto 'Deus est mortali juvare mortalem' as meaning the same?—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

GILBERT MURRAY

'Q': Myth, Man, and Memory

Sir,—I am afraid that in Mr. Hugh Sykes Davies' "'Q": Myth, Man, and Memory', THE LISTENER May 21, myth is dominant. 'Those stories of Quiller-Couch's refusal to recognise officially the presence of women in his audiences at Cambridge' are myth. If he ever addressed a mixed lecture audience firmly as 'gentlemen' it could have been only a little joke of his at the expense of those university lecturers who at that time were behaving with coarse discourtesy to women students. This was just before women were admitted to university degrees.

When I sat under Quiller-Couch in 1920 he displayed no bias against women. The front rows of the lecture hall were crowded with twittering women worshippers; and the gay ribbons with which 'Q's' lecture notes were bound were not put there, I feel sure, to appeal to me or any of my fellow males. At the end of each lecture the decrepit lecturer would announce that the weekly study class (or some such nonsense) for the young ladies of Newnham and Girton would be held this week on Wednesday at 8.30. We men managed without an evening study class.—Yours, etc.,

Criccieth

LESLIE BONNET

The Fall of Byzantium

Sir,—Professor Baynes said in his talk that the Greeks regarded it as 'unthinkable' that their church be 'subjected to the discipline of an alien pope'. Surely this is stretching history more than somewhat when we recall that in common with the rest of Christendom they accepted the Pope as the successor of St. Peter and the head of Christ's Church for years (if we except the dishonourable episode of Photius). Their defection from the unity of the Catholic Church was due to the political ambitions of Michael Cerularius (A.D. 1053) and his successors. It was not unreasonable if the rest of Christendom, scandalised by their dismemberment of the seamless robe of Christ, refused their aid so long as the Greeks remained in schism. The failure of the Council of Florence is to be regretted but the fault must be laid at the door of those who sought to perpetuate disunion.

The real mind of the Eastern Church was shown in the famous declaration of Pope Hormisdas (A.D. 519) in which 2,500 bishops of the Eastern Church signed a document asserting their belief in the primacy of the see of Peter.—Yours, etc.,

Liverpool, 12

D. J. DOYLE

The Bicentenary of the British Museum—I

GAVIN DE BEER, F.R.S., on the Natural History Departments

THE story which I have to tell begins with a man who was born in Ireland of Scottish parents and lived most of his life in England. He can therefore be truthfully described as British, and his name was Hans Sloane. He was born in 1660 and died in 1753. When he was young there were men living, like Thomas Hobbes, who were born under Elizabeth I; when he was old he knew men like Thomas Martyn who lived well into the lifetime of Victoria. I could describe his character and career in detail, if I had the space; how he went to the West Indies ostensibly as physician to the Governor of Jamaica, but really so that he could see the wonders of nature in the new world. Only recently in his day had tobacco, quinine, maize, potatoes, chocolate, the turkey and rubber, come from America, and he wanted to try his luck at finding other things. When he came back he became one of the most successful doctors in London, and what is called a great man. President of the Royal Society, President of the Royal College of Physicians, physician to Queen Anne, all these honours were his, and great wealth too. The beautiful bust of him by Rysbrack shows what he was like: a handsome open face with regular features appealing in its friendliness, but there is also sadness in his heavy-lidded eyes, and great dignity under his full wig.

In some of his letters we can almost hear him speak. To a man who was pestering him to read his book he said:

I am very much obliged for the esteem you have of my knowledge, which, I am very sure, comes far short of your opinion. As to the particular controversies on foot in relation to Natural and Revealed Religion, and to Predestination, I am no ways further concerned than to act as my own conscience directs me in those matters; and am no judge for other people. . . . I have not time to peruse the book you sent.

Then there was his letter to the man who, rather prematurely, tried to stop war:

I should be very glad to see a general Peace established, for ever. Rumours of war are often, indeed, found to be baseless, and the fears of it, even when well grounded, are often dissipated by an unlooked-for Providence. But poor mortals are often so weak as to suffer, in their health, from the fear of danger, where there is none.

So Sloane had sympathy for sufferers from the wars of nerves. If I had been alive in his day, and ill, nothing would have given me greater comfort than to have been under his care.

But the reason why we are interested in Sloane today is because he was such a great collector. The few museums which existed in his day were nothing but cabinets of curiosities, just collections of junk with a stuffed crocodile hanging from the ceiling, and the walls and floors covered with bones and shells. Such *bric-à-brac* may have been entertaining to visitors the first time, perhaps, but quite useless for what museums exist to do, which is to advance knowledge. It was in order to advance his knowledge of plants that Sloane began by collecting every plant he could see, and arranging them all as well as he could. He named them so that he could recognise them, and so as to be able to construct a sort of dictionary of which the words were the plants themselves. But if I may continue with the metaphor, the book of nature is written in several languages, and so Sloane also collected all the animals, insects, shells, fossils, and minerals he could find. His collections were all the more interesting because the world was still being explored, and specimens from America, or the Cape of Good Hope, Japan, or the Straits of Magellan were the most exciting novelties. Today, we are working at a flora of Jamaica, and Sloane's great book on its natural history still has to be used as the foundation of the botany of the West Indies.

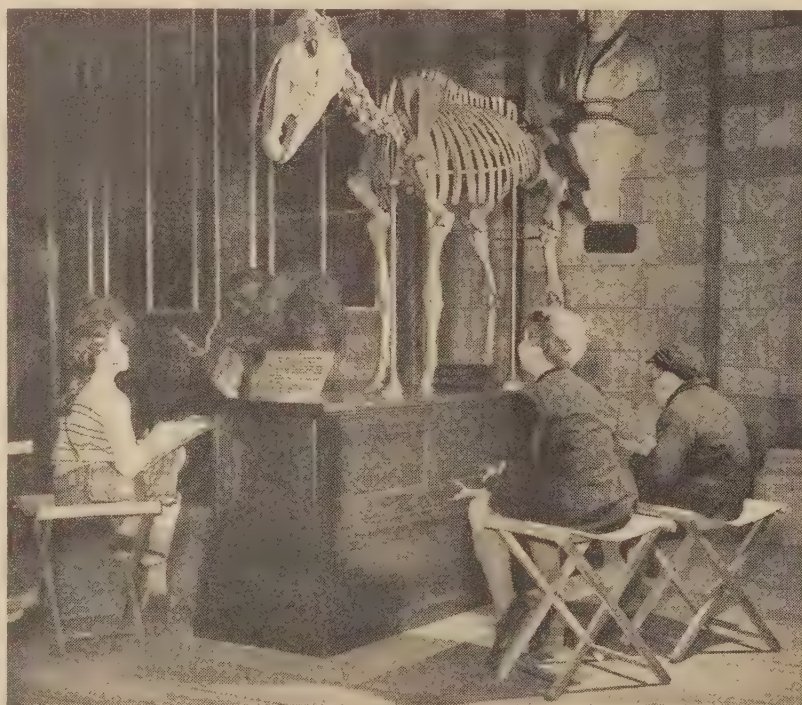
You would not expect that a man like Sloane would restrict himself to objects of natural history; there were many other interesting things. Books first of all: he collected books for the best of all reasons—to help him in his work, and therefore their subjects were chiefly medicine and natural history. Eventually he had about 50,000 of them.

Then there are manuscripts, which are even more exciting than books, for you never know what you may discover in them. Sloane collected manuscripts, about 4,000 of them. Some of them come under the heading of works of art because of the drawings they contained. He also collected coins and medals, useful in unravelling history before it was written. People began to be interested in classical antiquities, and Sloane acquired a good sample collection of these, even including Egyptian antiquities which were difficult to obtain. Flint implements, Chinese figures, and pipes of peace: all these figured in Sloane's collections.

Sloane's treasures were kept in a house which still exists and is number 3 Bloomsbury Place. There, after work was over, he used to receive his friends and guests recommended to him and show them over his



Sir Hans Sloane: the bust by Rysbrack in the British Museum



Children drawing the skeleton of an extinct horse in the Natural History Museum, where in 1951 a children's centre was opened

collections while he entertained them to a meal. Great men came to see Sloane: Voltaire, Haller, Benjamin Franklin, and Linnaeus. Only in one case was the party not a great success. Handel had come to tea, and while Sloane was showing him some very precious works, he put his buttered muffin down on a book. Sloane was speechless. Handel could not see that he had done anything wrong. 'To be sure it was a careless trick', he admitted, 'but it did no monstrous mischief'.

When he was eighty-two, Sloane decided that the time had come for him to retire. Thirty years before he had bought the manor of Chelsea from Lord Cheyne; and to Chelsea he now moved, and all his collections with him. A description of the move was given by Sloane's caretaker, the Quaker Edmund Howard. 'He used to appoint the room in which the books were to be stored up', said Howard, 'and I to receive them. They were sent loose in carts and tossed from the cart to a man on a ladder, who tossed them in at a window, up one pair of stairs, to a man who caught them there as men do bricks'.

Sloane and his Priceless Collections

Sloane made many of his legacies during his life, such as sums of money to the hospitals in London, and his duplicate books to the Bodleian Library and the Royal College of Physicians. But what was he to do with his priceless collections? His chief concern was that they should not be dispersed, but be kept together and made available for study by scholars and scientists 'to all posterity'. He might have left them to his family, but he could not know that his direct descendants would be flourishing, as they so fortunately are, two centuries after his death, and so he could not have the assurance which he wanted of permanent security for his museum. He did not much like the idea of leaving his museum either to the University of Oxford or to the Royal Society, for he did not hold a high opinion of the manner in which those bodies were administered. And so he set about devising a new type of institution, by means of his will. This provided that the complete collections should be offered to the nation for £20,000 and established as a public museum, 'that', in his words, 'the same may be rendered as useful as possible, as well towards the satisfying the desire of the curious, as for the improvement of knowledge, and information of all persons'.

Sloane died on January 11, 1753, and on June 7 of the same year, the Royal Assent was given to

An Act for purchasing the Museum or Collection, of Sir Hans Sloane, and for the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts and for providing one general Repository for the better Reception and more Convenient Use of the said collections, and for the Cottonian Library, and for Additions thereto.

This is how the British Museum was founded. Montagu House in Great Russell Street was taken for it, and it was opened to the public on January 15, 1759.

Only in one respect have the provisions of the original Act of Parliament been substantially changed. Instead of one general repository there are now two, for as the Museum grew, the congestion became so great that it was decided to move the natural history departments away from Bloomsbury and to put them in a new museum built to receive them in South Kensington. That was the origin of the British Museum (Natural History), which was opened in 1881.

An Institution for Scientific Research

There are, I believe, some people who imagine that the Natural History Museum is just a lot of galleries where they can see stuffed animals. Really it is an institution for scientific research, the greatest in the world for the identification of all the kinds of animals, insects, plants, fossils, and minerals that exist. We have 15,000,000 insects and 5,000,000 plants, and so when anything is sent to us, we have quite a good chance of matching it up to see if it is something that we know already or something new.

You may not realise that additions are still being made even to the list of plants and animals that occur in this island. Whenever a new inhabitant is discovered, whether plant or animal, it has to be studied carefully to know whether it has nasty habits; if it is a plant, whether it acts as a food for noxious insects; if it is an insect, whether it carries or transmits some dangerous disease such as malaria. In fact it is only recently that the malaria problem in Europe has been cleared up, because the earlier work of identifying mosquitoes had not been done

with sufficient care. Vast sums of money which had been spent in an attempt to control the disease were wasted because the different species of mosquitoes had not been properly sorted out. When British troops first served in Korea it became necessary to know what epidemic diseases they might have to contend with, as the British Army had never served in this theatre before. It was the Natural History Museum that gave the necessary information, and the Department of Zoology was able to show specimens of the Manchurian striped field-mouse which carries scrub-typhus, and to describe its habits so that protective regulations could be issued to the troops.

The work of identifying specimens is therefore of the greatest importance for human welfare; and also for financial reasons. When in 1942 one single caterpillar in California was identified as the Oriental fruit moth, the State Legislature voted nearly \$1,000,000 to be spent on investigations and control. Just think what would have happened to the wretched member of the staff of the Museum if he had made a mistake. When geologists look for oil or minerals, they will not find them if the fossils found in the different beds have not been perfectly identified. Another example, affecting botany this time, is the work which is going on in examining the microscopical plant flora of the Great Lakes of Africa. These small plants are the start of the food-chains which nourish the fish; and before measures can be devised for the improvement of the fisheries of these waters, it is necessary to know accurately what the microscopical plants are, what their life history is, and how they react to different conditions.

Recently an exciting discovery was made in the Department of Minerals. The class of precious stone known as peridot was found to contain specimens which did not perform as they should when investigated by X-rays. This immediately led to the close study of these specimens, by various methods and, as a result, a new gem-stone was discovered and called *sinhalite*, because it comes from Ceylon.

Detective Work

The service of correct identification which the museum provides is sometimes called upon in unexpected ways. A few years ago an aircraft was loaded in Geneva with a case containing seventy-pounds in weight of gold watches, to be flown to Accra in West Africa. When it got there, however, the case was found to contain a lump of concrete weighing seventy pounds. The aircraft had landed on the way at Rome and Tripoli, and the question was to discover where the theft and substitution had taken place. The lump of concrete was sent to the Natural History Museum, where microscopical examination showed that the concrete was made from sand consisting of the remains of marine organisms, some of them modern and others belonging to species living 15,000,000 years ago. This immediately suggested a desert climate near a sea coast, which would fit in with Tripoli. And what clinched it was finding in the concrete a tiny piece of the shell of the modern purple whelk from which Tyrrhian purple used to be extracted, and which could not have come from an inland town like Rome.

When the job of finding out what's what among all the animals, plants, fossils, and minerals has been done, the next step is to describe them and to publish the descriptions. The naming of species is carefully regulated under international rules, and it is no use making the discoveries unless their results are published. So we have to write books and publish them so that other museums and biological institutions can see what we have been doing. Many of them, I fear, are not best-sellers, although I must confess the hope that the check-list of mammals will find its way into all gun-rooms.

When I left the university to become Director of the British Museum (Natural History), one of my academic colleagues told me that, in his son's words, I had gone to run the 'dead Zoo'. I admit that the animals mounted in the display cases may suggest something like that, but it is precisely for that reason that I want to stress the live work which goes on in the Museum.—*Third Programme*

The current number of *The British Museum Quarterly*, Volume XVIII, Number 1 (price 5s.) contains the first part of a tribute to the founder of the Museum, Sir Hans Sloane. Dr. Gavin de Beer contributes one of the articles, and there is a quotation from the *Commonplace Book* of Dr. William Stukeley: 'Sr. Hans Sloane is an instance of the great power of industry which can advance a man to a considerable height in the worlds esteem with moderate parts & learning . . . indeed the whole business of his life has been a continued series of the greatest vigilance over his own interest, & all the friendships he ever makes are to himself'.

Art

Gustave Courbet

By DAVID SYLVESTER

WHEN young men go around boasting and even believing that they have become the first painters really to paint realist pictures, do they mean that they have managed to put something seen on to canvas without falling back on any conventions of picture-making? Or do they only mean that they have thrown over the conventions of their predecessors in favour of new conventions which are, indubitably, less 'respectable', more 'emancipated', but are conventions none the less, and are more indebted to their predecessors than they would care to admit?—in much the same way as a generation that proclaims its independence from all moral prejudices has not achieved amorality but only established a different moral code. Caravaggio, for example, publicised himself as the first painter ever to have thrown over all existing notions of style, the first to render reality as it is, yet in fact did neither of these things, since he both stole many a surreptitious glance at the example of the past and frequently allowed his figures to become contorted into anatomically impossible postures in the course of arriving at the dramatic or pictorial effect he desired. Courbet emerges as a parallel case, another great deceiver of himself, of his admirers, of his opponents.

To take the measure of Courbet's realism, we have only to look at one of his most programmatically 'realist' pictures, 'The Stone Breakers'. Courbet has not bothered to realise convincingly the action of the old man with a hammer: the gesture is at once inaccurate and frozen into immobility. What he has bothered about is to make us agree with him that these people are 'the most complete personifications of poverty'. His approach is the direct antithesis of Degas' towards his laundresses. Courbet is not interested in the thing seen as phenomenon, but as the personification of an idea. This concern with personification found its completest expression, of course, in 'The Atelier', which he described as an '*allégorie réelle*'. It is by no means the only work of his which the phrase fits.

Personifications of ideas though they may be, Courbet's forms have a concreteness, a sense of materiality, so overwhelming as to be almost oppressive. Nowhere have volumes been rendered so weightily, so substantially. And yet, this feeling of form in the round is not conveyed by a particularly rich or subtle modelling of volumes. It is conveyed by a generalised sense of density and tangibility—the result of sonority of tone and of the luminous opaqueness of the paint itself, fat, sensuous, somnolent paint. This density is inevitably associated in our minds with the idea of solid forms, and thus with the *idea* of the real. Courbet, like Caravaggio, gives his pictures a highly convincing *air* of reality. The two of them can also be considered realists inasmuch as they faced up to the seamier side of life and communicated such ignoble facts as that (see 'The Burial at Ornans') the bodies of the dead stink. But the dispassionate rendering of a precise sensation of reality attained by Degas and Velasquez lay beyond their ken. They were much too extraverted to care about such things.

As to their indebtedness to others, Courbet acknowledged this far more readily than Caravaggio, though he contrived to do so to his own glorification: 'I have gone through tradition as a good swimmer would cross a river: academicians drown'. His scorn was reserved for painters of the Ideal. Nevertheless, he was more eclectic than he cared to believe, or at least admit. Two of his earliest paintings—'Lot and his Daughters' and 'The Hammock'—suggest the influence of Orazio Gentileschi, whose 'Flight into Egypt' he must have seen in the Musée Royale. Ingres, none other, is the power behind such early male portraits

as those of his father and of Paul Anout, both of which are included in the current exhibition at the Marlborough in Old Bond Street, while the curious '*Femme se coiffant*' (No. 5 in the Marlborough catalogue), probably painted after his trip to Holland in 1847, sets an Ingresque figure incongruously in a Vermeer interior. By now, however, Courbet, had virtually formed his mature style, which is, of course, fiercely opposed to that of Ingres. Actually, this more sensuous and painterly style first appears in *self-portraits* as early as 1842 (see No. 1), but Courbet does not acquire the knack of painting other people sensuously until 1846, the date of the portrait of Van Wisselingh (No. 4), which owes much to Delacroix and still more to Ribera. It is the more austere, and monumental



'Femme couchée—le repos' (1858), by Gustave Courbet, from the exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery

Zurbaran, however—the dominant figure in Louis-Philippe's Musée Espagnol—whose influence does most to form Courbet's first major masterpiece, the 'After Dinner at Ornans' of 1849. In the fully mature works, most of the reminiscences are Venetian: the portrait head of Fajon (No. 18) might almost be by Tintoretto or Bassano; 'Le Repos' (No. 11) seems to be based on 'The Venus of Urbino', for all that Courbet had once professed nothing but contempt for Titian and, for that matter, all the Italians except Veronese.

The whole temper, indeed, of Courbet's later work is Venetian—nowhere more so than in the copy of a Rembrandt self-portrait (No. 30). The transition to this late phase occurs between the painting of 'Les Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine' in 1857 and of 'Le Repos' in 1858: here the aggressive 'realist' makes way for the sensualist, Courbet's grasp of the downright materiality and density of things is refined into a marvellous perception of the quality of flesh—not only the flesh of a woman's body or of a man's face, but the flesh of fruits, the flesh of flowers, even the flesh as it were of the sea. There is something fetishistic in the way he luxuriates in the feel of things that distinguishes his sensuousness from the less wilful, less guilty, sensuousness of the Venetians and gives it a cultivated, hot-house quality which reminds us that he was a contemporary of Flaubert. And still he was able, in a few very late works—like the 'Promenade' at Washington and the seascape belonging to Bristol which is in some ways the finest of the many wonderful paintings at the Marlborough—to strip away the enchantments of the senses and paint an immense and solemn stillness, prescient of tragedy.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Lélia: The Life of George Sand

By André Maurois

Translated by Gerard Hopkins.

Cape. 25s.

'I WORKED ALL DAY', Musset once noted at the time of his liaison with George Sand. 'By evening I had produced ten lines and drunk a bottle of brandy; she, on the other hand, had knocked off two litres of milk and written half a volume'. That is how one always tends to see George Sand—placid, productive, grossly healthy; an easy-tempered, indefatigable companion to genius. But it is not what one would expect from her history. Take a girl whose mother is a camp-follower and whose father boasts royal, if illegitimate, connections; plunge her into barrack life; have her father killed; transport her to the country and set her between a plebeian mother and an elegant, bewigged grandmother who live in mutual hatred and abuse; educate her in a convent and suddenly remove her when she is thinking of taking the veil; make her a wealthy heiress; marry her at eighteen to a blunt, simple country gentleman who first shocks her with his love and then wounds her with his infidelity—it is not a recipe from which one would expect this large, amiable, milk-drinking, novel-secreting animal to emerge. And in fact there is something more to her character. Behind the healthy, bovine, motherly exterior there is a ruthlessness, a raging appetite, a 'gluttony of desire' in Maurras' phrase. Before embarking on his liaison Musset was warned by his friends. 'Remember', they said, 'that deadly sandbank at Quillebeuf on the Seine, where, above the surface of the stream, black flags flutter from the masts of sunken ships. There is a black flag visible in this woman's life, and it marks a hidden reef...'

All too often George Sand denied the existence of this hidden reef, on which so many—Jules Sandeau, Musset, Michel de Bourges, Charles Didier, Félicien Mallefille, Chopin—came to grief. But once, as M. Maurois points out, in her novel *Lélia*, she spoke more frankly:

Desire, in my case, was an ardour of the spirit which paralysed the power of the senses even before they had been awakened, a savage ecstasy which took possession of my brain and became exclusively concentrated there. My blood remained frozen, impotent and poor, while my will took flight into remote immensities.

It was this bitter, unhappy, helpless pursuit of desire that drove her on from one lover to the next, always hoping that passion and pleasure would at last be united. She drained each lover dry, then discarded him like an empty orange-skin. Only Manceau was spared her infidelity; and he was spared because he died.

Had George Sand always spoken so frankly of herself as in that passage from *Lélia*, it would nowadays be possible to read her books with greater pleasure. But she succumbed to the Romantic vice of phrase-making. In the hey-day of her passions she adopted an attitude of proud self-righteousness, arguing that she had never been unfaithful because she had never conducted two affairs simultaneously; and in her old age she spread a haze of diffuse kindliness over the past, editing it, rephrasing it, adapting it to the moral needs of her grandchildren. So instead of reading George Sand we are more likely to read M. Maurois; and in this biography he is at his best. He has never had—he never will have—a more colourful subject, and he manages it with a practised hand. English readers may be

sceptical of some of his generalisations; they can hardly but be grateful for his skill and industry—and for those of his translator.

The Glitter and the Gold. By Consuelo

Vanderbilt Balsan. Heinemann. 15s.

Madame Balsan's memoirs deal with aspects of what she calls a long life under three flags. In her manner there is neither glitter nor gold; her pages are heavy with tawdry and tarnished clichés. Flowers are floral offerings, big meals are ample repasts, laurels are looked to, the palm is awarded, fuel is added to the fire, and London is taken by storm. Born into an ostentatious sphere, she suffered among the marble halls and Renaissance palaces of Fifth Avenue and Long Island from the social ambitions and the tyranny of her mother, who prevented her marrying her lover in order to mate her with the Duke of Marlborough. Nearly half a century has passed since she left him, but time has not appeased her grievances, and there are, it is to be hoped, still some old-fashioned people who will find it distasteful for a woman to complain in print of even the private behaviour of the father of her children.

Although the sphere of English society into which the Duchess had been married had its blatant absurdities, its crudities, conventions, and faults of taste, it seems a pity that she did not enjoy more the pleasures and opportunities it offered. If beauty and rank and wealth and privilege are to end in a complacent and disagreeable tone of reminiscence, then indeed all is vanity. Nevertheless, some diversion is to be had from this book. There is inevitably a piquancy in some of the incidental and period detail, in reading of the 300 yards which separated the kitchen from the dining room at Blenheim, of the Winter Palace ball at St. Petersburg for 3,000 guests, or, however briefly, of Lady Cunard, Lady Astor, or Mrs. Asquith. The drone of self-esteem is from time to time broken by the shrill whine of the mosquito piercing the dead horse ('Lady Paget was considered handsome... She was married to a tall, handsome officer who in time became a general'). The reader is left nursing the conclusion (as trite as this author's turns of phrase) that great wealth can be as bad as great poverty, or worse; and wondering whether it is not possible to get more fun out of one's grievances when they are viewed in retrospect.

Britain's Economic Problem

By C. A. R. Crosland. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Crosland has provided a guide to our balance-of-payments problems which succeeds in remarkable degree in being both authoritative and readable.

His part one weaves into a consistent and plausible pattern the mass of statistical information (much of it admittedly rather dubious) concerning our production, trade, and payments in the post-war years. Here we get a commentary on the course of the U.K. balance of payments and the sterling area's dollar gap, with post mortems on the biennial crises—the end of Lend-Lease in 1945, the futile dash for convertibility in 1947, the devaluation of sterling in 1949, and the gold drain of 1951. Part two is more ambitious, being an attempt to lay bare the basic trends in the development of the British economy, and of production and trade in the world as a whole, and thence to forecast the long-term problems which will beset us in

the future, and to prescribe appropriate remedies.

Throughout both parts his approach is lucid, fresh and candid. He has little use for mystiques or panaceas, deprecating the blind faith of the Right in the bank rate, convertible sterling, and *laissez-faire*, and of the Left in nationalisation, physical controls, and splendid isolation from the dollar area. His willingness to face all facts, however unpleasant, is indeed marred by only two blind spots: first, he accepts (page 204) the myth that government savings can in some unspecified way 'be translated, by the intricate operations of the financial mechanism, into funds available for borrowing by industry'—so that it does not matter how much private saving is suppressed by high taxation; and second, he nowhere considers how much of the British businessman's 'lack of zest for the task ahead' is attributable to the restraints laid on enterprise by high taxation and physical controls (particularly the rationing of materials on the basis of past usage). But considering how prone we all are to wear blinkers, when looking at economic facts, Mr. Crosland must be judged exceptionally open minded.

He must also be judged master of the sophisticated analytical framework in terms of which economists now discuss balance-of-payments questions. He handles his indices, elasticities, and propensities in a way which will please the expert as well as instruct the layman. On two occasions only does he appear a little confused: in considering the effect of devaluation (pages 59-61) he fails to make clear the vital distinction between the *volume* and the *value* of exports, and elsewhere (page 129) he accepts a measure of the American tariff which must considerably under-rate its protective effects.

This is an excellent little book. To the student of economics it provides a healthy antidote to excessive concentration on remote theoretical possibilities, to the layman an intelligible guide through the forbidding complexities of balance-of-payments problems.

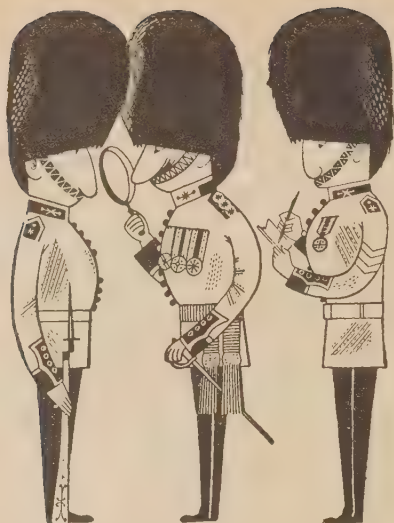
The German General Staff

By Walter Görlitz.

Hollis and Carter. 30s.

This is the English version, considerably abridged and edited, and competently translated by Brian Battershaw, of a book published in Germany three years ago. The General Staff occupied in Germany a position of prestige and influence greater than in any other country; it bred certain traditional, intellectual, and moral qualities that marked its members even within so sharply defined a caste as the German officer corps. An account of its development, characteristics and political influence is obviously important for the study of modern German history and for an understanding of Germany's disastrous role in European affairs over the past hundred years.

Such an analysis is difficult to make, for it must combine an account of the ideas, structure and methods of recruitment of the General Staff with an examination of its actual influence on policy in moments of crisis like 1914, 1918 and 1932-3. Herr Görlitz cannot be said to have overcome the difficulties of his task, for he has produced a long and accurate but superficial book. (The abridgments made for the English edition, moreover, do not make it any easier for the English reader to follow the argument or understand the references to German history and society.) There are accounts of the lives of



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some of the most important figures: there are narratives of campaigns: there are descriptions of organisation (not assisted by the omission of the diagrams which were a useful feature of the original edition). But there is no adequate attempt to analyse the political role of the General Staff in the complicated constitutional machinery of the Wilhelmine period, when overlapping organs of government, civil and military, could lead the Austrian Foreign Minister to exclaim petulantly: 'Who actually rules in Berlin?' Again, the role of the army in ending the war, forcing the abdication of the Kaiser and remodelling itself to fit the new circumstances of the Republic needs more elaborate examination and discussion than it gets here.

There is an introduction by Professor Cyril Falls, who rates the book more highly than the present reviewer. He speaks, oddly, of the 'virtual murder of Schleicher'. Schleicher was actually, not 'virtually', murdered, and his murder marked both his own political ineptitude and the beginning of the failure of the General Staff that was to lead to its defeat in war and its destruction at the hands of a German government. Herr Görnitz realises that the members of the General Staff who wanted to play a direct political role—the Manteuffels, Waldersees, and Schleichers—were disastrous exceptions, but the assumption of the 'non-political' generals like Seeckt, that the army could remain an independent *imperium in imperio* inside the state even under National Socialism, needs analysis. For the belated realisation that Hitler was bound to be disastrous for the army and its traditions has to be examined in contrast with the period when the Generals collaborated enthusiastically with Hitler and thought they could use him for their own ends.

Thus, although the bulk of Herr Görnitz' book deals with the period since 1914, it supplies English readers with little that has not already been said more lucidly by Mr. Alan Bullock or more penetratingly by Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, while, on the nineteenth century, it does not fill many gaps in our knowledge of the working of the German army or political system.

English and Scottish Psalm and Hymn Tunes. By Maurice Frost. S.P.C.K. and Oxford. £5 5s.

Miles Coverdale's *Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songs*, printed about 1543, set out to enable the 'lovers of God's word' to

make their songs of the Lord
That they may thrust under the board
All other ballads of filthiness

and 'sing the commandments ten And other ballads of God's glory'. The book contained forty-one tunes, mainly of German origin. Though Edmund Bonner ordered its burning in 1546, it was the forerunner of many English and Scotch tunebooks for metrical versions of the Psalms and other songs of the Lord—to the use of the godly Christians for recreating themselves, instead of fond and unseemly ballads'. Mr. Frost has collected 457 tunes from these books, from Coverdale's down to the 1677 *Whole Book of Psalms* of John Playford. He traces the sources of almost all the tunes and describes key editions in which they appear.

It is possible to complain that Mr. Frost's methods of description are hardly those of modern bibliographers and that he nowhere states clearly enough what his book is intended to be, what shall be included, what excluded. There is, no doubt, good reason why Robert Crowley's 1549 psalter, with its mere two pages of music, should be ignored: we are not told that reason. Occasional errors may be found: Christopher Tye's odd version of Acts XII, beginning

And in that time, Herod the king
He did his hands let slip
To trouble men of good living
And godly fellowship.
He did slee James, John's brother dear,
Even with the sword indeed;
Because the Jews well pleased were,
He further did proceed,

is made odder by Mr. Frost's reading 'let slip'. Tye, already incongruously foisted into a tenth-rate history-play of the early sixteen-hundreds and suggested, by a more recent writer, as the author of a translation from Boccaccio, should have been spared this further proceeding. Mr. Frost might have directed us to the Corpus, Cambridge, copy of Matthew Parker's psalter, with its extensive corrections in Parker's hand.

These are minor flaws in a remarkable work of scholarship. Mr. Frost too modestly claims to have laid a foundation: he has constructed a building of notable magnificence. Many of the tunes are vastly worthy of resuscitation—those of Tye in particular. May the book be used by choirmasters and organists no less than by insulated musicologists.

Saving Children from Delinquency By D. H. Stott. University of London Press. 12s. 6d. Detention in Remand Homes. A Report of the Cambridge Department of Criminal Science. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Delinquency, says Dr. Stott, must be seen 'as part of the wider evil of unhappy childhood'. If one postulates a basic craving for affection and for a sense that one is valued by someone else, then the flight into a world of excitement, the testing of love by naughtiness, the acts of vengeance and the withdrawal into a protective shell of 'toughness', are intelligible reactions when this basic need is not satisfied. This view was elaborated by Dr. Stott in his well-known study: *Delinquency and Human Nature*, in which he analysed the case-histories of 102 delinquents at a senior boys approved school. He has now applied his theory to constructive recommendations. If children are driven to a life of crime by intolerable conditions at home, then surely we ought to make some attempt to rescue them before the crash comes. And it is not only a matter of humanitarianism; a social practitioner at £800 a year would justify his salary if he kept one delinquent a year out of an approved school where he would be costing the nation £6 a week. However, much can be done by existing services—school teachers, club leaders, welfare officers—if they know what to look out for.

Dr. Stott's 'essay', as he calls it, is full of admirable advice, springing from that shrewd and sympathetic understanding of human nature in difficulties which made his first book so outstanding a success. It makes a plea for more experimentation in boys' clubs, he draws attention to the admirable work of the Family Service Units, and he advocates removal from home in cases where the emotional tensions are such as to be dangerous. Boys who want to leave home should be given the opportunity of doing so, and he suggests a scheme of industrial foster-parentage reminiscent of the old apprenticeship. But, while prevention is what we should aim at, there still must be cure, where prevention has failed and until we know better how to prevent. Accordingly Dr. Stott turns to a discussion of approved schools. He does not minimise the difficulties, but he insists that only when resentment is broken down can any cure be effected. Punishment, he points out, is 'only effective if the punished values a good relationship with the punisher. Where no such relationship exists, the child is unpunishable—he can

only be ill-treated'. With our present ignorance of psychological technique many will go through the penal mill unchanged, but if a few were rehabilitated by the application of Dr. Stott's principles, that would indeed be something.

The inadequacy of our existing methods is revealed by a study of the subsequent history of the 959 offenders committed under section 54 of the 1933 Act to a remand home for detention in Birmingham, London, Liverpool, and Manchester during the years 1945 to 1948. This method has been increasingly used since 1934 for cases of breaking and entering and larceny, and the samples studied by the Cambridge Department of Criminal Science are about half the total number dealt with in this way in the whole country. A large proportion of the cases came from unsatisfactory homes, and those who were old enough to get jobs had a very bad record. After 'treatment', on the average more than half of the offenders were subsequently found guilty of an indictable offence; in Liverpool about three out of every four reverted to crime. In the absence of case histories one cannot, of course, tell, but is it not possible that this 'short sharp pull-up', as it has been called, merely serves to convince the delinquent that the world is a hostile place, and thus confirm him in his delinquency?

Lord Acton: A study in Conscience and Politics. By Gertrude Himmelfarb. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 21s.

Lord Acton, declares Miss Himmelfarb, is at last beginning to come clearly into view fifty years after his death. 'He is of this age more than of his. He is, indeed, one of our great contemporaries'. The era of Victorian and Edwardian complacency is over, and we are once again wrestling with our souls. Who is to be our guide? No single teacher, assuredly. Yet from no nineteenth-century publicist or moralist is there more to learn than from the eminent scholar and thinker who knew so much about the march of man and the travail of the human spirit throughout the ages. Miss Himmelfarb's striking volume, based on years of work and research on the Acton papers at Cambridge, brings this complex figure to life. Fascinated herself, she describes her book as not so much the biography of a life as the biography of a mind, for Acton lived in the realm of ideas. Like all the finest intellectuals he was growing to the last. When one of his oracular verdicts is quoted on men, movements, and events, the date should always be given. No historian is infallible, and many scholars change their views with advancing years. What never changed was his passion for liberty, and his belief in the categorical imperative of the Christian conscience.

The most abiding impression derived from the record of this spiritual pilgrimage is that of inner loneliness. Knowing countries, cultures, and celebrities as few men of his time, Acton had admiring and affectionate pupils but no disciples, for his ideology was as curious a blend as his blood. Profoundly English in his instinct for liberty, he was profoundly un-English in his scorn of compromise and intellectual cowardice. While accepting without question the theology of the Church into which he was born, this prince of individualists spent a large part of his life in denouncing its misdeeds. He fought the Ultramontanism which culminated in the proclamation of Infallibility, flagellated the Jesuits who, in his opinion, had pulled the strings to which Pio Nono danced, fluminated against the Inquisition, and pronounced the Massacre of St. Bartholomew the greatest crime of modern times. Since Christ had taught us to distinguish between right and wrong in public as well as in private life, it was the paramount duty of rulers and citizens alike to follow the

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dictates of the Christian conscience whatever the cost. Backsliding, casuistry, compromise, indifference, seemed to him not failings but sins against the light: the greater the sinner, the greater the sin.

No part of this mature and thought-provoking work is more arresting and more distressing than the analysis of the divergence in later years from his revered teacher Dollinger, who, despite his excommunication in 1870, felt more tolerantly towards his persecutors than Acton who, as a layman, escaped the penalty. Dollinger's moral relativism, his readiness to make allowance for the varying standards of different ages, nearly broke the heart of his comrade in arms. Fully aware that this tolerant attitude was almost universal among historians, he felt more isolated than ever. 'I am absolutely alone in my ethical position', he confessed. Yet he never lowered his flag. No previous biographer has portrayed the closing decades in such sombre colours as Miss Himmelfarb—his vast historical projects unfilled, his attempt to introduce the methods and results of German scholarship to English Catholics a complete failure, the Papacy wedded to the principle of centralisation which he loathed, the English Catholics captained by Manning, the ignorant leader of the Intransigents, and represented in the theological sphere by Newman and Ward who had sabotaged his early educational campaigns.

When Acton sat as a Liberal in the House of Commons as a young man in the closing years of Palmerston he lamented that he agreed with nobody and nobody agreed with him. In middle life, however, he learned first to admire and then to love Gladstone, not only for the nobility of his character but because, like himself, he regarded politics as a branch of morals. Gladstone, indeed, was the most joyful discovery of his later life, as Dollinger was the greatest disappointment. Unlike the majority of English Catholics he supported Home Rule for Ireland and disapproved the Imperialism which culminated in the South African War. In the sphere of social welfare he was in advance of his leader and was ready, though not eager, for woman's suffrage. No man of his time had a better claim to the honourable title of a Gladstonian Liberal.

Miss Himmelfarb's narrative ends with the Indian summer as Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, which was perhaps a little happier than she suggests. Never had he been so much appreciated and nowhere did he find more stimulating society. In the hierarchy of British historians he occupies a place below his predecessor Seeley and his successors Bury and Trevelyan who left enduring monuments of scholarship. But in sheer force of personality, in width of outlook, in the suggestiveness of his talk and the inspiration of his writings, fragmentary though they were, he surpasses all the holders of the Cambridge chair. He related every aspect of life to what he felt to be the eternal verities, and agreed with Kant that mankind can never get away from the idea of right.

Elizabethan Lyrics: a Critical Anthology

Edited by Kenneth Muir.

Harrap. 10s. 6d.

It is doubtful if the text-book classification 'Elizabethan Lyrics' corresponds with any reality. Stretching as it does from the time of Henry VIII (Professor Muir's selection starts with Wyatt) to Jacobean and even Caroline times, it comprehends sonnets, love-poems, vocal numbers of plays, occasional and comic pieces, epithalamia, and religious poems. Only popular songs are here excluded. The term is perhaps further discredited by its suggestion, in the mind of the general reader, of a gay, artless, and innocent trifling; moreover, it implies a homogeneity

which, as Professor Muir demonstrates, did not exist. He is right to insist that the Tudor and Stuart poetasters were self-conscious and, for the most part, conscientious, though often uninspired, craftsmen, working out their native version of the European poetic renaissance.

The present selection of over 200 poems is on the whole good and conscientious; the texts have been carefully edited, and the spelling modernised. Professor Muir seems not to have undertaken his task with the enthusiasm which informed his editing of Wyatt and the new Arden 'King Lear'. His introduction is cool and detached, and at times scarcely hides the boredom which some of his reading must have caused him. He is singularly luke-warm about the lyrics of the madrigals and lute-books, among which there are better things to be found than many he reprints. The introduction contains a number of text-book clichés and snap judgments which, it is feared, will be only too eagerly quoted by hard-pressed students. He should not have indulged in the vice so recklessly practised by C. E. Montagué of quoting without quotation-marks such phrases as 'tradition and individual talent' and 'proved upon his pulses'.

Nevertheless, the intelligent student will have reason to be grateful to Professor Muir for some excellent work—notably, in disentangling the complicated story of the various sonnet-sequences, and in combining the diverse elements of his story into a continuous and well-proportioned account. He has also dealt successfully with the difficult problem of Donne, reprinting a very few only of his more recognisably 'Elizabethan' poems, but admitting the major part of his work as belonging in spirit to the succeeding age.

The Best of Defoe's 'Review'. Compiled and Edited by William L. Payne. Oxford. 25s.

The modern study of Defoe owes much to the zeal and industry of American scholarship. The *Review*, which has been almost unknown to Defoe's countrymen except in biographers' quotations, was reproduced in its entirety a few years ago for the Facsimile Text Society, in 22 volumes under the editorship of Professor Secord of Illinois. Professor W. L. Payne of Columbia followed with a useful *Index to Defoe's 'Review'*, and has now compiled the first anthology from this remarkable one-man newspaper, which ran for nine years (with financial backing) from February 1704 to June 1713. The *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, by comparison, each survived for less than two years—a fairly average course in an age when new journals dropped thick and fast into the coffee-houses. But it is the sophistication of Steele and Addison that has left its mark in schoolroom and library in subsequent editions. Defoe, whom Professor Trevelyan has called 'the most typical Englishman of his day', has not in general been allowed to make his just contribution to the understanding of the age of Anne.

It is a contribution different in kind from that of the Wits. Defoe candidly admired the style of the *Tatler*, and there were moods when he himself aspired to the favours of polite society. The facts that he was a Dissenter and a business man (curiously passed over in Miss Marjorie Nicholson's introduction to this volume) put the wrong edge on his appeals for the reformation of manners, and Addison was left to do the polishing. But these appeals and puritanical tirades, however near to that still mysterious organ, Defoe's heart, are of much less significance than his reflections on economics and commerce ('the whole I design'd to have taken up with'); his intense feeling for the nation and its progress; his middle-of-the-road politics, coloured by the seldom irksome necessity of advancing the

policies of Harley and Godolphin; and his breezy, confident, familiar approach to the 'gentlemen-freeholders', the electorate of an age which provided lively material for the scourge of corruption—see the Hogarthian picture of a candidate among the voters in this collection. The England that Defoe reflects (or rather the Britain, for after the Union had been effected with his support he retitled his journal *A Review of the State of the British Nation*) is indeed wider, busier, and closer to ourselves than the world of Sir Roger de Coverley.

Professor Payne has divided his choice into five groups. The first illustrates Defoe himself in action as a combative journalist, prodding his enemies, defending his reputation, defying assassins, and obviously piqued by unjust aspersions upon his education. The second reveals the conditions and practice and hazards of journalism in general in his day. There follow two sections on economics and politics which one could have wished longer, and finally an intriguing rag-bag of miscellaneous matters from love and tobacco to playgoing and the famous Mohun-Hamilton duel. The Defoe-addict will find personal sidelights in plenty. The reader of *Moll Flanders* or the *Plague Year* or the *Essay Upon Projects* will recognise the mind and the pen that produced them. But for almost any reader a discovery waits. If the selected essays of the author of *Robinson Crusoe* were to be brought to light for the first time it would be something of a literary event. This is it.

Only the Silent Hear

By Kenneth Walker. Cape. 12s. 6d.

In this book Mr. Walker discusses the riddle of of existence. He discusses it as often as not with another part of himself, a lightly sketched character whom he calls Andrew. Some readers may feel that the book would have been better written straight. But, whatever one thinks of the method, for the substance there can surely be nothing but praise. Here we have the reflections of a mature and scholarly mind on a mystery that no one can solve, yet to which many people today seek some sort of a sensible answer. Why are we here? Why has the earth given us birth? Are the sun and the planets and the stars made only for us? What, in short, is it all about?

Mr. Walker reacts strongly against the fashionable (and, let it be added, wholly pernicious) view that science should be our sole guide. He gives the scientific point of view its head with facts and figures. But man's role, he suggests, is to find out whether his situation is as forlorn as it is often held to be—bearing in mind the limitations of the scientific method. For his own part the author believes that the Divine Consciousness which moves behind the facade of appearance has created and maintains everything that is, and that it is because in recent times man's development has proceeded almost entirely along intellectual lines that he has acquired powers that he is totally unfit to use: 'even the scientists are now becoming scared of what may happen'. Understanding, in other words, is reached only by the whole man; and when the whole man looks at the world and the universe he sees them not merely as a party of jazz-dancing particles pushed from behind by blind forces (the view to be observed from the narrow pathway of science) but as a manifestation of purposive action, as evidence of the existence of a divine mystery which may not inappropriately bear the name of God. This is one of the many thoughts that emerge from this thoughtful book—a book that should be widely read if only because it is a healthy corrective to the one-eyed view of the universe so prevalent today.

Mr. Anthony Rhodes' first article on new novels will appear next week.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Coronation Triumph

A FRIEND OF MINE whose celebrity in the theatre would not be disputed cherishes the notion that our time has few great men because it has still fewer great actors. The great actor, he believes, is also a great exemplar who can help to mould the manners of an age. It is a stimulating and even attractive theory, recalled here for its relevance to the majestically performed ceremonial of the Coronation. Brought into the visual range of a greater audience than our television has ever had before, the rites in Westminster Abbey cannot have failed to imprint their nobility on innumerable minds, setting in motion identifying urges of who can say what potency. My particular hope is that these urges may quickly become operative among television producers, who should be susceptible to inspiring examples of human demeanour. Carefully modulated movements greatly enhance the seeing process. The proposition is not that pace on television should forthwith be reduced to the terms of formality in which stage butlers traditionally live and move and have their being but that producers should give more heed to the subject of deportment.

The lesson of the Coronation in that matter must not be overlooked. We were given a superb demonstration of the almost forgotten imponderable called presence, extending to the realm of the spoken word in which the Archbishop of Canterbury so resoundingly excelled. Setting aside things technical, one could read into the whole conduct of the Abbey ritual a protest against trends that have brought us higher speeds and lower standards, a dispiriting coincidence if not necessarily an equation. By enabling us to participate in this moving assertion of human dignity television rendered its greatest service so far to the comity of civilised minds.

While nothing could finally recompense us for the colour splendours denied to our gaze, the manipulation and concentration of the television cameras in the Abbey made us privileged viewers of a spectacle not confided to all who were actually close to the scene. The number of Abbey ticket holders who surrendered other pleasures on Coronation evening to watch the B.B.C. telerecording of the ceremony may have been large enough to belong to the triumph which television won for itself

on this day of days.

Each of us will have had his residue of Coronation viewing impressions to report and discuss. Still vivid in my mind is the touching likeness of the young Queen to her father in that moment at which, as she received the weight of the crown, she seemed to crouch at the shoulders as the late King had been seen to do fifteen years before. I continue to remember the beautiful unassertiveness of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, a serene and lonely figure for whom the day must have held poignant thoughts as well as rejoicing. What appeared to be the distinctly offhand manner of the Duke of Norfolk, turning away after his act of homage at a ceremony for which he gained so much esteem, and the avuncular, gentle cossetting of the Queen by the two bishops—these linger in the memory as scatterings of visual largesse which, like maundy money, will keep their lustre for some time.



The Maids of Honour carrying Her Majesty's train, and (right) the Archbishop of Canterbury giving his blessing



The pictures which showed us the processional phalanxes breasting their way through the waves of acclamation never quite touched the perfection of those of the transcendent Abbey episodes. Not that there was ever any doubt about the brilliant skill which brought them to our screens. Behind them men at control panels kept the complex connective tissue of television

quiveringly alive to its tremendous test. They had to work their miracles of discretion in conditions which happily did not penetrate to the Abbey ceremonial: rain and vagaries of light under a lowering sky. With the cameramen they deserved a large share in the congratulations. Only the commentators along the route seemed to fall short of their best powers; clearly the task was too imposing for some of them. In the Abbey Richard Dumbleby scored his own success, repeated in another key when in the evening he was sent back there to recall in its silences his impressions of the day, an imaginative touch.

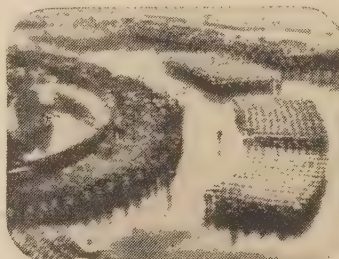
The Coronation night fireworks were more than a Brock's benefit, filling our screens with marvellous coruscations of light which made the mantelpiece ornaments in many a front room jump with eerie glee.

They also stressed our colour frustrations, which some film companies have so enterprisingly sought to appease. Colour television will not be long in coming: the prophecy is cheerfully risked on Derby day and without any help from the gypsies.

Beside the lesson of deportment, there is the larger though not new deduction to be made from this great occasion that television is most



As seen on the television screen: (top) H.M. the Queen before her anointing, and (right) receiving homage from the Duke of Edinburgh. (Below) The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and Prince Charles in the Abbey and (right) the Queen holding the Orb and Sceptre



From left to right: the Queen's coach; troops rounding the Victoria Memorial; the Royal Family on the balcony of Buckingham Palace; a scene during the firework display

Photographs: John Cura



A ballet in 'Serenade for a Queen', televised on June 3



A scene from the comedy 'All on a Summer's Day', televised on June 7

handsomely justified when it applies its genius to the transmission of external ready-made events at the time of their occurrence. Then it is that its much-criticised peepshow scale, too often confirmed by its studio activities, is forgotten and the screen becomes part of the infinite arena of life as it is being lived.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Second Fiddle

AS EVER DELIGHTED—indeed anxious—to play second fiddle, on which by the way many a good tune can still be played, I will not pretend that what I have to write about this week has much importance. Where the events and triumphs my colleague speaks of were so wonderful, what I record and praise necessarily seems, if only relatively, feeble. Wisely placed to vary a mood which cannot after all be prolonged for ever, a family comedy on Sunday by Mr. Delderfield reminded us of what we had been incidentally reminded of quite a lot during an overwhelming week: that we are as a people not so much a nation of shopkeepers, nor yet the Two Nations which Disraeli described, as an infinite number of groups comprising mum, dad, aunty, and the nippers.

There were two outstanding productions in the week: 'Serenade for a Queen', which was one of those heterogeneous affairs of homage which take in Robert Speaight at one end of the scale and 'The Merry Widow' at the other; a ship's concert; an end-of-term pageant, a jollification with some order imposed on it by the senior English master. Surprisingly, in view (or rather in retrospect) of the wonderful scenes which were still in our minds, the whole thing came off rather well. Later in the evening, there was an elaborate ball at Tottenham where McDonald Hobley and Jack Jackson read doggerel about the good old dances and the good new ones, and brilliantly smiling Jews in Scotch bonnets danced the conga, and super-professionals twirled and twisted in superlative 'cup' dancing (which means the kind of ballroom dancing you and I cannot aspire to, dear reader). At moments here, I sadly record, the television cameras did all the things which they might have done (but so splendidly did not) for the Great Day. That is, they showed us, with uncanny deftness, just exactly what, at that particular moment, we did not want to see. Still, there was a good deal of bonhomie and

genuine enthusiasm until a sort of bumptious cheer leader, whom I didn't identify by name, arose and in the manner of a holiday-camp official began to exhort and bully the kindly suburban throng, upbraiding them for not smiling. Happily, however, the band of Her Majesty's 'jollies' now arrived and as in many another tight corner saved the day—or rather the night—with a tremendous display of swagger marching. The session concluded, not, as that odd word implies, into general collapse but with general gallumphing and Elgar.

Nothing so spontaneous as general gallumphing occurred in the highly elaborate programme called 'The Bridal Day'. This masque by our great old man of English music, Dr. Vaughan Williams, was originally begun before the war. His wife, the poet Ursula Wood, had arranged it to fit in with certain passages from Spenser's 'Epithalamion', which were either spoken (beautifully) by Cecil Day Lewis or sung (well) by Denis Dowling. The music, which is sometimes of the most mellow and heart-easing beauty, was well played and conducted by Stanford Robinson and, as ever on television, the quality of

the sound was as clear as the wedding bells which here chime gloriously through the work. Were it a question of sound only, there would be, so to say, no question at all. But thereby the question would be begged. As a television programme it has to be judged as visual accompaniment, or indeed as A Thing Seen first and foremost. This part of it was in the hands of Christian Simpson and if anyone could devise a worthy series of visual interpretations it would, one thinks, be he. There were indeed times—the wedding sequence was one of them—when the quality of the visuals came up to scratch; this was like some wonderful ancient silent film, say, by von Stroheim, dignified, clearly stamped with greatness for all its jerkiness, on to which had been grafted, luckily, this distinguished sound. But at other times, one's heart sank: the bacchanalia, with a padded ballet boy as Silenus pulling terrible faces, was just awful; like one of those utterly embarrassing ballet-boy romps which we see so often on the stages of our state opera houses. The bell sequence which followed had some fine moments; and the nightfall scenes had their good ideas—not all of which (television fashion) came off; e.g., if you bring your cameras forward to concentrate on a half-dozen torches poked together to catch light from a central torch it is just sheer, awful, unrectifiable ill luck if one of them fails to take light. The beautiful song to the star was ruined for me, however: this star turned out to be made up of a bouquet of ballerinas, waving their arms seductively. Such an illustration is surely only comic to most of us, though I admit that until about 1914 France used to print postcards of this sort, a soulful, effeminate face gazing at a star whereon sat the beloved *en costume d'opéra*. But today—? Still, let us be tolerant. There are days to come when these early experiments will be kindly remembered.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Air and Earth

SHAKESPEARE, and reasonably in this Coronation month, is again the theme. It is his year: the stage even seeks to call up the poet himself. We are told that he was both a maddening tease who tossed plates at Anne Hathaway, and a dreary little pippin who joined the Queen in parlour games to fool Francis Drake. Happily, nothing of this nonsense has reached the air. We had, lately, Miss Dane's 'Will Shakespeare',



Guy Verney and Sheila Shand Gibbs in 'The Bridal Day', a masque by Vaughan Williams, given on June 5

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one of the only sensible full-length attempts to hint at the genius of the man. After the Coronation broadcasts of 'The Tempest' (Home) and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (Third), we must wonder more and more at the daring of any dramatist who hopes to be on terms with the creator of Ariel and Prospero, Bottom and Oberon.

In 'The Tempest' the high charms worked. They could not have failed, with John Gielgud (whose knighthood every playgoer, every Shakespearean, must salute) to voice the harmonies of Prospero. Gielgud does not throb away moodily in the empyrean. Besides being a great enchanter, he is a human being and Miranda's father—a little matter that some Prosperos overlook. (They are so busy being noble that we cease to mark them.) Gielgud brought Prospero to our ears and minds: it was a grand performance for Coronation Eve. Elsewhere in the revival—Mary Hope Allen's—we tasted various subtleties of the isle. Jeremy Spenser's young Ariel could drink the air before him. There were other summoning voices: Leon Quartermaine's as Gonzalo, and (thrown away on Sebastian) Godfrey Kenton's. Caliban (William Devlin) for once has faded from the memory. This 'Tempest' was never earth-bound.

Val Gielgud's rich revival of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' offered two full scores, Shakespeare's and Mendelssohn's. With Laurence Payne and Monica Grey, royally Oberon and Titania, the Wood near Athens was haunted indeed. The immortals never thinned to what another Puck called a 'painty-winged, wand-waving' manner, 'sugar-and-shake-your-head'. Frank Duncan, as Shakespeare's Puck, kept something that other players have lost—the sound as well as the mischief (he could evoke the 'spangled starlight sheen'). The Mechanicals had some good personal quirks—how does Eliot Makeham get that papery crackle into Quince?—but we did miss the visual fun of 'Pyramus and Thisby'. And Ralph Richardson's Bully Bottom, though with endearing moments—we could divine the man's expression as he received the Duke's double-edged compliment at the last—seemed hardly to have made up his mind about the part. It came through to us smudged, with an accent that varied distractively. Again, a revival more of the air than the earth.

The Variety programmes I heard—it has been a tingling week for Variety—were better when they rose on the wings of nonsense than when they remained solidly planted before the microphone. 'As Millions Cheer' (Home), in a laborious framework, began flatly; it roused itself when Eric Barker, calling himself, I think, an electronic consultant, fitted up a television set that would have worked admirably if the owner had stood on his head to view. And, presently, Dudley and Maurice (the inevitable Ustinov and Jones) came along with some uncommon Coronation ideas. I remember now only their prattle about unbreakable glass tiaras, and periscopes with metronomes fixed to them. The bill (under Pat Dixon) ended in a happy blaze. I could not get more than the first half-hour (Light) of 'Light Up Again' (which clashed with the 'Dream'), but the backchat of the 'Hi, Gangsters', who led off, cracked along in the old spirit; I gather that the evening sustained this reminiscent mood. On Saturday I came across Richard Murdoch and Kenneth Horne at the end of 'Variety Playhouse' (Home); they appeared—it all sounded a bit Pirandellian—to be remembering a Coronation they had not seen. They should have honourable (or dishonourable) mention here for the most alarming pun I can recall on the air, one that would have made Planché chuckle. If a visitor from Ireland came to the Coronation—said (I think) Murdoch—he should have gone to a Cingalese restaurant. Why? Because 'Ceylon waiter Tipperary'.

On Coronation Night, instead of staring at a sky dappled with salamanders and Roman candles, or joining what I believe the voice of Marjorie Westbury called (in the play), 'the restless bipeds rushing here and there', I listened to the serene fantasies of 'Gryll Grange' (Third), very well done, with Denys Blakelock's bland-peach voice to narrate. This ought to be revived at a calmer time. In 'London, June 28, 1838' (Third), we went, at the end of the week, to Queen Victoria's Coronation Day, a feature (by Eric Ewens) in which Yvonne Mitchell, as somebody said of the Queen, 'performed her part with great grace and completeness'. I liked the woman balloonist who went up cheerfully, but who was glad to wrap herself in her fur tipper while sweeping over 'a considerable range of the metropolis'. Nothing earth-bound there.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

No Adjectives Left

WE SHALL NEVER KNOW, I suppose, how many tens or hundreds of thousands of words poured from our radio-sets on Coronation Day. Beginning at 10.15 a.m. the heroic army of commentators kept it up till about 6 p.m. describing for all they were worth the long procession that passed before their eyes or, when there was a lull in visual events, recalling what they had seen and foretelling what they were going to see. To nearly all of this I listened, noting with dispassionate ear how far the spoken word enabled me to see the gorgeous and constantly changing pageant. Of exact details, so meticulously described, I found at the very outset that I could visualise but little. Rapid descriptions of brilliant dresses and uniforms, however often they were repeated (and they were repeated over and over again by the various commentators), merely numbed the mind's eye and my impression of the gold coach was built up not from what the commentators told me about it but from my memories of the state coaches I have seen and the coloured illustrations to my childhood's fairy-tale books. 'The heart-stirring wonder of the gold coach', an expression used by one commentator, did me no good, and towards the end of his exhausting duties another—I think it was Wynford Vaughan Thomas—enquired desperately, 'What adjectives are left to us to describe it?' What indeed? The dictionary had long since run dry and for hours I had been sitting knee deep in fading adjectives and adverbs.

I don't know, of course, how much of the commentators' talk was extemporary and how much, if any, was written beforehand by themselves or others. Judged as written material I would describe much of it as respectable second-rate journalism, but if I am to judge it as spontaneous description of the passing scene I must say that the commentators rose to their difficult and harassing task very creditably. I noticed, as I listened, a small detail which I have noticed and mentioned on similar occasions when trying to assess my response to their efforts, namely, that when a commentator tries to impress me by describing not what he sees but what he feels, I fail to react. The reason is obvious: he is in the middle of it all, keyed up to the prevailing enthusiasm, while I sit quietly in a room. Our emotional wavelengths are different and there is no communication.

But, when all's said and done, it would take a party of geniuses to carry out with complete success the task of putting into perfectly fresh and perfectly evocative language that long series of brilliant scenes. Each would have to be a great extempore orator and a major poet rolled into one. But if they did not greatly stimulate my optic nerve nor thrill me by the magic of

their prose, as great writers can do, into an all but physical awareness of the scenes, they did, by the time they had done with me (by dint of belabouring me with words such as crimson, gold, sea-blue, claret-colour, purple, ermine, satin, velvet, crowds, faces, waving handkerchiefs, and by their constant repetition of 'and now . . .') leave me with a sense of confused and colourful splendour, slow movement, vast crowds, and stirring climaxes. In fact the commentators, the bands, the explosive, rocket-like bursts of cheering whenever the Queen appeared, and the solemn ceremonies in the Abbey left me at the end of the day with the impression that I had been a dazzled, stunned, thrilled, and enthralled participator in these great events.

Another proof of the limited power of the spoken word for purposes of visual description was strikingly evident when, during the long ceremony in the Abbey, comment was confined to informing us simply of the movements of those who took an active part in it, for then the formal and impressive language of the liturgy fired the imagination to a degree that no verbal picture could achieve.

It is a melancholy, but also perhaps a comforting thought that in a few years the eyewitness commentator, swallowed neck and crop by television, will exist only in books—books on history, psychology, and anthropology, or in historical stage-plays where, like the Greek chorus, he will describe events not enacted on the stage. Will he ever, I wonder, be used, like Macbeth's porter, for comic relief? Meanwhile I and my like who not only don't possess a television set but have so far modestly denied ourselves even the social prestige given by a two-pronged fork on the roof of our homes, must be grateful to those hard-working and unfailingly garrulous ladies and gentlemen whose function it is to be heard and not seen.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

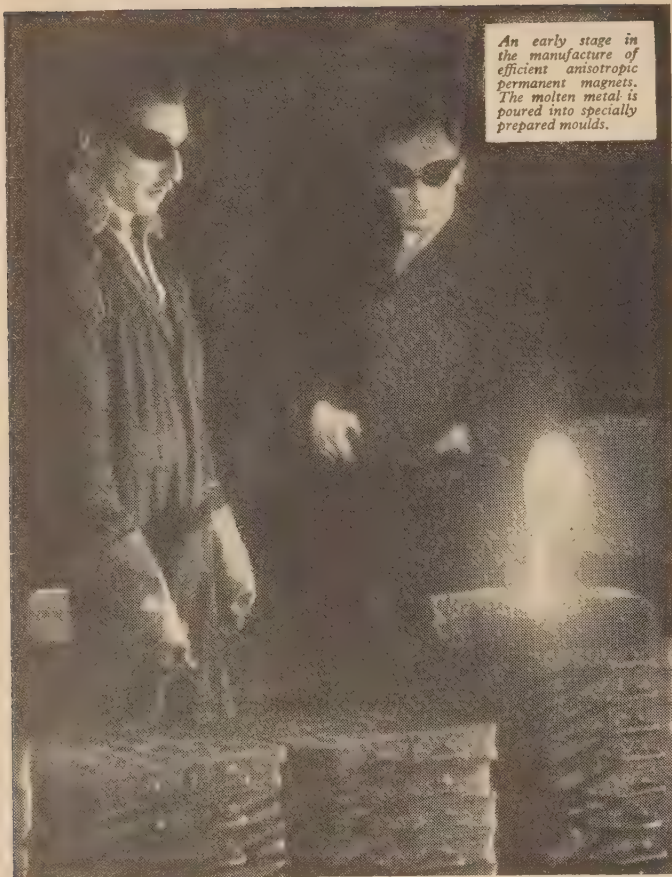
BROADCAST MUSIC

With Inward Glory Crowned

OF THE MUSIC which accompanied the magnificent and solemn rites in Westminster Abbey it is impossible to write with the detachment proper to the discussion of a symphony concert. Here music was an applied art, adorning the spectacle and heightening the beauty and significance of ancient ritual. For what we saw, whether in actual presence or in the wonderfully vivid pictures of the television screen, was both a temporal state ceremony and a religious act of the most solemn kind. It is not for the music to thrust itself forward in this context, except, perhaps, in the triumphant *Te Deum* sung after the ceremonies were over. Here William Walton seized the opportunity to strike a note of joyful thanksgiving in splendid tones befitting the occasion.

All the rest, including the processional marches composed for the occasion, seemed apt to its various purposes. Vaughan Williams' quiet, restrained music for the Communion Service was exactly right, removing that intimate and most solemn part of the proceedings right away from the more earthly splendour of the Coronation ceremonies. Nothing was happier than the inclusion of the 'Old Hundredth' which all could sing in the Abbey, in the streets, and in their homes. Among the other things Handel's 'Zadok the Priest' stood out as a masterpiece of ceremonial music with Parry's 'I was glad', in which the Westminster scholars (better rehearsed, perhaps) acclaimed the Sovereign with a less exciting shrillness than at King George VI's Coronation.

The series of Coronation concerts in the Royal Festival Hall brought us performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony directed by Beecham



PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

MANY of the great technical achievements of this age stem from scientific investigations that have led to improvements in the properties of materials. This is especially true of the electronics industry.

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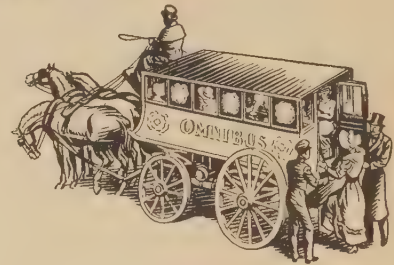
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THE LONDON ASSURANCE

and of Britten's 'Spring Symphony' and Elgar's First Symphony in A flat under Sargent. Beecham concentrated upon making the choral finale a specially glorious crown and climax to Beethoven's work, and succeeded at the cost of diminishing the stature of the earlier movements. His elegant reading of the opening *Allegro* had in it neither the sublimity nor the terror of apocalyptic vision and the *Scherzo* was taken at a rate which made one marvel at the nimbleness of the players. The slow movement again was delicately lyrical rather than passionately eloquent. But the finale was splendid and would have been more splendid still with greater vocal weight in the solo parts. The baritone in particular lacked the power to give his utterance the authority it needs. In the second concert Britten's work came off better than Elgar's,

which lacked the characteristic elasticity needed to save it from pomposity. Britten, to whom congratulation is due on his appointment to the Companions of Honour, is never in danger of pomposity. The 'Spring Symphony' remains extraordinarily fresh and light and charming. It does not always quite bring off its ingenious effects, or did not in this performance, in which the boys whistled better than they sang. Elsie Morison sang beautifully and Peter Pears treated the florid ornamentations as though they were the easiest thing in the world.

'A Garland for the Queen', handsomely published by Messrs. Stainer and Bell and finely sung under Boris Ord's direction by the Golden Age Singers and the Cambridge University Madrigal Society, contains some pieces—Bliss', Vaughan Williams', Berkeley's, Finzi's, and

Rubbra's—which are not unworthy of their precedent, 'The Triumphs of Oriana', heard earlier in the week. The poems are less courtly than the Tudor examples, and the music, with one or two exceptions, less blithe. The *malaise* of our times kept peeping through.

Apart from disconcerting anticipations of 'The Barber', so oddly at variance with the ostensibly serious subject, Rossini's 'Elisabetta' contained some remarkably effective scenes, along with much that, in the atmosphere of excitement, seemed rather dull. I hope that Italy's gift to the Third Programme will be given another airing on a day when it is likely to reach a larger and less pre-occupied audience. For it was well sung and, apart from a perfunctory performance of the overture, well played.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'The Choice of Hercules'

By WINTON DEAN

Handel's masque will be broadcast at 9.5 p.m. on Monday, June 15, and 10.0 p.m. on Wednesday, June 17 (both Third)

IN March 1751 Handel revived 'Alexander's Feast' at Covent Garden, together with 'an additional New Act, call'd The Choice of Hercules'. There is no connection between the works, nor has the new act anything to do with the great musical drama 'Hercules' of six years earlier; the programme was what we should call a double bill, 'Alexander's Feast' not being thought long enough to fill an evening. Handel's strange carelessness for the unity of his works towards the end of his life is well illustrated by the revival of both pieces two years later, when he placed 'The Choice of Hercules' between the two parts of 'Alexander's Feast'. Although he had entitled it 'A Musical Interlude' in the autograph, it is difficult to believe that he intended the terms as literally as this. It is in effect a self-contained masque or 'secular oratorio' in one act.

Both the words and the music are curiously derived. The libretto is adapted from a narrative poem in twenty-seven ten-line stanzas that first appeared in Joseph Spence's *Polymetis* (1747) and was reprinted in the following year in the third volume of Dodsley's *Miscellany*. Spence's book, a portentous folio heavy with dead learning, is a series of sixteen prose dialogues seeking to relate the Roman poets to classical archaeology. Spence was not a poet, and 'The Choice of Hercules', which has no obvious relevance to its context, is ascribed to William Duncombe (1690-1769), a minor writer who translated Horace and Racine, wrote a tragedy 'Lucius Junius Brutus', and denounced the degrading effects of 'The Beggar's Opera' on the practice of morality and Christian virtue. It is perhaps not surprising that Dr. Johnson, who spoke slightly of 'that foolish fellow Spence' (known, then as now, chiefly for his *Anecdotes*), found Duncombe 'a pleasing man'.

The story is a simple allegory. The youthful Hercules is approached by Pleasure and Virtue, whom we might prefer to call Idleness and Duty, with their respective trains. Pleasure offers him a characteristic eighteenth-century bower of bliss, 'numerous sparkling rills', feasting, music, rich odours, cool fountains, shady groves, a bed of flowers and discreetly phrased opportunities for amorous enjoyment. Virtue, after rebuking Pleasure in the peremptory tones of a Parnassian governess ('This manly youth's exalted mind, Above thy grovelling taste refin'd, Shall listen to my awful voice'), bids him assert his heavenly race, put down the proud and 'succour the distrest'. Hercules, not at first enamoured of this prospect, is won over by the promise of

immortality and sets himself with Virtue and her train to 'mount the steep ascent'.

This rather frigid abstraction offered little to Handel's dramatic genius beyond a generalised contrast of mood. That had proved sufficient foundation for a masterpiece in 'L'Allegro ed il Penseroso', but Milton's imagery supplied a far more concrete and prehensile lure for a composer than Duncombe's; and in any case very little of the music in 'The Choice of Hercules' was new. In the winter of 1749-50 Handel had been commissioned by John Rich, manager of Covent Garden, to write incidental music to a play by Smollett on the subject of Alceste. For some reason unknown the production was abandoned after words, music, and scenery had all been prepared, and the play has since disappeared. In June 1750 Handel drew extensively on his 'Alceste' music for 'The Choice of Hercules', sometimes modifying it, sometimes using it as it stood. One air even retains Smollett's words; and it is clear that the words of others must have been fitted by some assistant, perhaps Newburgh Hamilton, to music already composed (most of the recitatives are taken unaltered from Duncombe). There is no doubt that Handel expended much more creative effort on the unheard 'Alceste', some of whose airs he set more than once (and further excerpts from which he used in later revivals of 'Alexander Balus' and 'Hercules'), than on 'The Choice of Hercules', which remains an unimportant but agreeably diverting work. The survival of the original autograph with the corrections and modifications superimposed, however, offers a fascinating glimpse into Handel's workshop.

The adaptation may have been suggested by the presence of a maturer Hercules as a character in 'Alceste'. The opening *sinfonia* of the later work is in fact the music Handel wrote for the hero's entry in the earlier (whose overture in turn was used for 'Jephtha'), while Pleasure's beautiful accompanied recitative 'See, Hercules!', with its flutes, bassoons, and carefully graded crescendo, originally adorned Apollo's descent from Olympus. The two 'Alceste' wedding choruses were fairly allotted one to either party, 'The golden trump' to Virtue's attendants and 'Turn thee, youth' to Pleasure's. The history of the two airs sung by Hercules himself is revealing and characteristic: the exquisite 'Yet can I hear that dulcet lay', in which the hero all but yields to Pleasure, comes from Calliope's appeal to 'gentle Morpheus', god of sleep; 'Lead, goddess', in which

he submits to Virtue's 'awful power, supremely wise'—a dull air and the only one in conventional *da capo* form—finds its origin in the summons of Charon, when the shades are gathered on the banks of the Styx, to 'Pluto's dreary shore'.

The most important of the newly composed pieces are the delightful air 'There the brisk sparkling nectar', with its mellow horn colouring, and the trio and two following movements that form the central hub of the work. This is the one moment of high drama, and Handel rises to it superbly. The climax is most imaginative: after a seemingly conclusive cadence in A minor the doubts of Hercules suddenly return, he repeats his hesitating enquiry 'Where, where shall I go?', and the trio ends with an *adagio* half-close on the dominant. But there is no pause: Virtue answers with a brisk summons into C major in the accompanied recitative 'Mount, mount the steep ascent', leading into an air on the same words. The main theme of this is taken from Virtue's part in the trio, at the words 'To yonder lofty fane'—a neat stroke of musical economy that enables Handel to make the dramatic point of Virtue's inflexible insistence. Such a simultaneous clinching of the musical and dramatic argument is very characteristic of Handel's style in the oratorios and masques.

Those who are less interested in the means by which a work of art attains its final form can easily enjoy 'The Choice of Hercules' as it stands. They will note the assurance with which Handel contrasts the contrapuntal austerity of Virtue with the luxuriant thirds and arabesques of Pleasure—a charmingly pastoral form of vice, often reminiscent of 'Acis and Galatea' and 'L'Allegro'—and will not be surprised to find that the musical honours are heavily on the side of Pleasure. There is more than a trace of perfunctoriness in Virtue's music, and the adaptation is sometimes awkward: the rocking rhythm and concertante flute part in 'This manly youth's exalted mind', to the sentiments of which they are quite inappropriate, find their explanation and source in another setting of Calliope's 'Gentle Morpheus'. And the minor key finale—very exceptional in Handel, and associated elsewhere in the masques and oratorios only with the tragic ends of 'Alexander Balus' and 'Theodora'—does not allow the listener to forget that though Hercules may have gained in virtue he has lost elsewhere. Such mutual antipathies after all are the way of music and morals.

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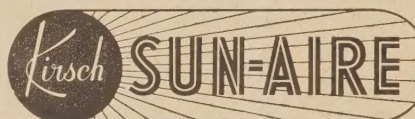


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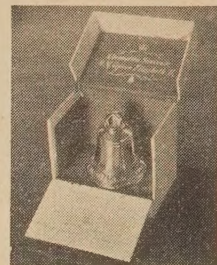


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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

SIMPLE FRENCH DISHES

THE FRENCH COOK uses three ingredients fairly liberally—butter, eggs, and wine. Rationing restricts our use of butter, but so often in England the use of a little wine is considered a wild extravagance whereas cigarettes are accepted as a necessity. Yet the small quantity of wine needed in many dishes is usually only the cost of four cigarettes. And it is worth while occasionally conserving at least part of the butter ration to have a delicious *Sole Meunier*.

This is how it is done. After cleaning the fish, dip it in milk and then in seasoned flour, shaking off any surplus flour. Fry it very gently in a little butter until golden brown on both sides. Add a walnut of butter to what remains in the pan, with a little lemon juice and chopped parsley. This gravy is served on the fish, which is garnished with slices of lemon and parsley. *Pommes Château* are a delicious accompaniment. For this, you shape old potatoes like small new ones (one large potato makes about four small new ones.) Put them in cold water, and the minute they reach boiling point, strain them and put them in a tin containing a little butter, made hot but not brown, and then roast them in the oven until golden brown. When they start to brown turn them and sprinkle with salt, covering while cooking to keep them soft.

The French often have a simple salad or an egg dish as a first course. You may like to try poaching an egg, draining it well, then dipping it in a very light batter and frying it in deep fat. Or making a pastry case of puff pastry, baking it, and then scooping out the centre,

putting in some cheese *soufflé* mixture, then a very lightly poached egg on top, covering it with another layer of the *soufflé* mixture and baking gently till golden brown. Or, as a first course, try an appetising tomato or cucumber salad.

Most French housewives pay great attention to the cooking of their vegetables, which they frequently serve as a separate course—to my mind, a more interesting way of serving them than the English method of having them with the meat. For instance, Brussel sprouts cooked for seven minutes, strained, and *sautéed* in a little butter for a few minutes are delicious, and for this sort of thing one needs only a walnut of butter. Peas cooked the French way are something to dream about. They are put into a saucepan with a piece of butter and a spoonful of flour, and stirred until well mixed. Add a few shallots, and a handful of lettuce leaves, finely shredded, also salt, sugar, and a little thyme and parsley. Finally pour in a few tablespoonsful of water and cook gently, closely covered.

ANN HARDY

TASTIER SARDINES

Remember when you have sardines on toast that anchovy paste goes well with them, so spread a little on the toast first. Wafer-thin slices of tomato under them—with or without the anchovy paste—will make them more interesting. If sardines (with or without anchovy and tomato) are sprinkled with grated cheese and browned quickly under the grill they can become almost exciting.

For a really luxurious dish you could cook some thin pancakes, wrap up in each of them a whole sardine seasoned with cayenne pepper and a drop of lemon juice, arrange the pancakes side by side in a dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and brown them under the grill or in the oven.

AMBROSE HEATH

Notes on Contributors

CHRISTOPHER SALMON (page 955): has been lecturing for the past three years in the department of philosophy at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee

SIR DOUGLAS COPLAND, K.B.E. (page 959): Australian High Commissioner in Canada since April 1953; Vice-Chancellor, Australian National University, Canberra, 1948-53; author of *Australian Trade Problems*, etc.

SETON LLOYD, O.B.E. (page 963): Director of the British Institute of Archaeology, Ankara; author of *Foundations in the Dust*, *Twin Rivers*, *Ruined Cities of Iraq*, etc.

LIONEL TRILLING (page 969): Professor of English, Columbia University since 1948; author of *The Liberal Imagination*, *The Middle of the Journey*, E. M. Forster, etc.

GAVIN DE BEER (page 976): Director, British Museum (Natural History) since 1950; author of *Sir Hans Sloane and the British Museum*, *Travellers in Switzerland*, *Embryos and Ancestors*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,206.

Northern Lights III

By Log

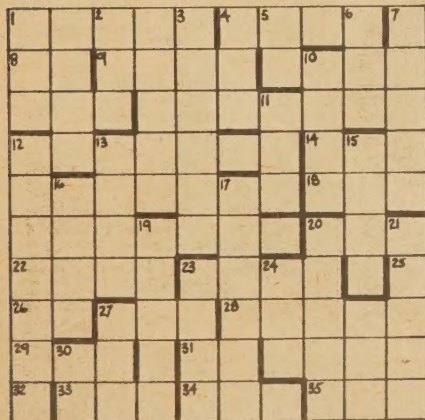
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, June 18

The letters N, S, E, W, and the pairs NE, SE, SW, and NW are represented in the diagram by arrows appropriately oriented, north lying at the top of the square for horizontal lights, and at the right hand side for vertical, e.g.,



= SWINE (A) and SEE (D).



Ten of the clues lead to homonyms of words taken from different lines of a poem, and from each of these lines a second word is to be included but is not clued. One apostrophe is ignored. The bracketed figures show the number of squares occupied by the light.

CLUES ACROSS

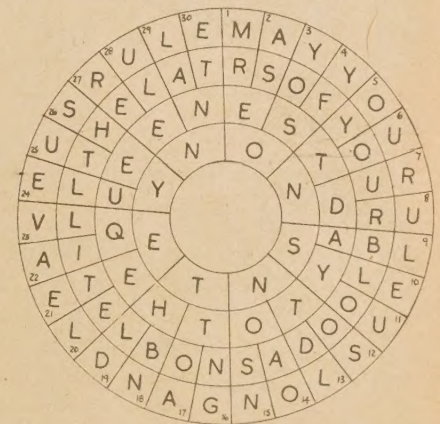
1. '... receive the — of all, and leave him but the bran' (Cor.) (5)
4. See 22 (4)
8. Bombast (4)
9. See 22 (4)
12. No spare part (7)
14. Disciple (3)
18. Reverse of reverse of 10D (3)
20. Nave (3)
22. Girl, whom J. C. would have thought 4A-9A, is headless (4)
23. Weighs heavy (5)
25. Bird without is shortly in the same place (2)
27. Snow-shoe (3)
28. Pan (5)
29. Always short (3)
31. Where seal goes short (2)
32. With 5D, gift that 5D shouldn't display, and with 35, where none should display it (3 and 4)
33. Rope (3)
34. Commoner lived by it (J.C.) (3)
35. See 32

DOWN

1. Bro (3)
2. 'Tract thrice footed' (Lear) (3)
3. In here now no fame (6)
4. Clueless here (3)
5. See 32A (2)
6. Miss misled by Edgar (3)
7. Bathrooms (5)
10. See 18A (4)
11. Steep (3)
13. Service (4)
15. Responsibility (4)
16. Confine (4)
17. Surely secret mixture (6)

19. 'The — and the terrible zone' (Lear) (5)
20. Isn't he any confused beast? (5)
21. Moor (5)
23. Mortar mixed in bucket (4)
24. Not about style (3)
- 27U. Mineral (3)
30. See 8A

Solution of No. 1,204



NOTES.

1. OverMaster. 2. gASEous. 3. fOes rOyal. 4. OSsIFY. 5. couNTY nOing. 6. coNTour. 7. eNDURE. 8. bURDEN. 9. LaBAIS. 10. StylE. 11. StAY OUT. 12. coraNOS. 13. oLD TarN. 14. hOur rAYON. 15. NOUS seN. 16. tatTing. 17. buTTOn dAic. 18. foRTH BeN. 19. ThrILed. 20. quERr ELAN. 21. bEfEaTer. 22. cAIQuE ban. 23. VaL QuEster. 24. YULan-treE. 25. caUTeRY. 26. ShElLEY. 27. sNEERING. 28. opULENT. 29. LANNarec. 30. coNTeNTed.

Prizewinners: 1st Prize: J. E. Evans (London, S.E.13); 2nd prize: H. S. Cotterill (Manchester, 8); 3rd prize: Miss O. G. Willett (Birkenhead)

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